

# MERRY ENGLAND.

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## *Health and Holiness :*

WITH HINTS BY ARCHBISHOP PORTER.

THE ancients long ago held that love was a derangement of the hepatic functions. "*Torrit jecur*," "*urit jecur*," says Horace with damnable iteration ; and Horace ought to know. As a self-sacrificing experimenter in that most ravaging of diseases, Horace, indeed, has never received his due recognition. And now Archbishop Porter, in his letters to his penitents, hints over and over again that spiritual disease may harbour in a like vicinage. The consequences of the theory are so curious as to fascinate the imagination. Religious inquietude may have to do with a fit of vapours. A good cook may promote a good conscience, and a blameless life be intimately associated with a blameless liver. The seven deadly sins may be counterparted in seven deadly dishes. Philosophic doubt shall succumb to calomel, and Positivism be cast out by judicious breakfast. The devil which withstood exorcism may yet give place to exercise ; we may walk off predestination, and run down rationalism ; we digest heresy, and medicine despair. In each packet of tobacco may be sealed scepticism ; and in lobster-salad quintessential Schopenhauer. Give further rein to fancy, and

we may yet study the heresiarchs in this light ; and to Doctors of the Church will be accorded the full significance of their name.

But it were to consider too curiously to consider so. Within the limits of his own meaning the Archbishop is wisely right. He was aware that men of sedentary habit and unshakably introspective temperament, may endure spiritual torments for which a fortnight's walking-tour is more sovereign than are the Exercises of St. Ignatius. And how many such men are there now ! Perhaps for this very reason the delicate connexion between mind and body is recognised as it never was before. In truth, Health, as the Archbishop suggests, may be no mean part of Holiness ; and not by mere superficial analogy has imagery drawn from the athlete been perpetually applied to the Saint. In turning over "The Letters of the late George Porter, S.J., Archbishop of Bombay" (Burns and Oates) we have had many reflections, but these most of all. The reader will find examples of what is meant interspersed among the following sentences, which, for one reason and another, we quote from the bulky volume : bits of frank and unaffected advice offered by a confessor of the first repute to individuals it is true—but to individuals who are also types.

You must practise patience, wish people at Jericho, and speak as mildly as possible. Keep a great store of kind words, gentleness for the good, excuses for the thoughtless, encouragement for the bad, cheerfulness for all.

What would I not give to recall all the hasty, snappish, bitter speeches I have perpetrated in my time. You are younger, and beginning life ; take warning from me in time and try to be the best natured Superior in the Order. I will pray for you that you may have the grace of kind words and kind thoughts.

Life is not wasted because it is spent at home ; on the contrary, home life is to thousands the opportunity of sanctification given by Almighty God : in it they are to become great Saints. If God really calls you elsewhere He will make His will known when the time comes. Continue your practice of the motto : "Kind words break no bones."

As to the green-eyed monster, jealousy, whom you think you have seen lurking about the grounds, set on him at once and poison him with extra doses of kindness to the person whom he wants to turn you against. A little generosity and nobleness of conduct in time will quickly free you from his visits. He is only dangerous when he is petted and pampered and encouraged.

We all fall often, that is to be expected ; we are weak, and we are surrounded by temptations. When we fall we ought not to be surprised, as if we had expected never to fall again.

As for the evil thoughts, I have so uniformly remarked in your case that they are dependent upon your state of health, that I say without hesitation, begin a course of Vichy and Carlsbad. Observe, I say a course, *i.e.*, take a dose for a week or even a fortnight. This will do more for you than a bucket of dandelion or herb tea, though they are also good. So much for the principal remedy.

When temptation importunes you, say slowly, "Heart of Jesus, Thou lovest. Thou art not loved. Would Thou wert loved." And lastly, persuade yourself that you are not likely to offend God grievously without knowing it, and that in your actual dispositions you are not likely to offend Him grievously at all.

As regards troublesome thoughts, dispel them by making an act of the love of Jesus Christ. Say the words slowly and calmly, and you will break the backbone of the temptation.

At the beginning of each hour, or of each important action, say the prayer, "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like to Thine."

Better far to eat meat on Good Friday than to live in war with everyone about us. I fear much you do not take enough food and enough rest. You stand in need of both, and it is not wise to starve yourself into misery. Jealousy and all similar passions become intensified when the body is weak. I believe a little beef tea judiciously taken would make a great difference.

As to your meditations, sometimes you should make more affections of the will ; at other times more petitions, at other times more colloquies : sometimes be more passive, at other times take your meditations in complete sentences. Variety is

a wonderful help in meditation ; it does not entirely shut out distractions, but it diminishes them, and secures greater fruit from prayer.

I fear the cold has tried you to a degree that does not help piety or prayer. Under those circumstances, piety mainly consists in bearing patiently the cold one cannot escape from, and in struggling in some way through one's prayers.

We have made a great step forward when we can see God in everybody and in every event, when He becomes a living reality to us, of Whose presence and nearness to us we become intimately conscious.

Do try to secure for yourself some respite during the day. Your prayers may become a rest, if you will take them very leisurely and very devoutly, and especially if you will give more time to vocal prayer than to meditation. The imagination more easily runs riot when you have too much to do, too much work for the brain. At times of extra work you stand in need of more repose and of more food.

The life of faith cannot go on without peace of mind : remember that truth.

Don't fret about not being a Nun. You would have been in your coffin long ago if you had made the attempt.

Don't think so much of the past as of the present and the future. What your hand can do now that do ; wish it were better done, but leave it to the mercy of God, and turn your thoughts to what comes next. Living much in the present gives a healthy tone to our spiritual life.

We believe that many will be saved who never gain admittance into the visible Church, and never become visible members of Christ's kingdom upon earth. Such souls do the best they can, in their circumstances ; they avoid wrong and do good, up to the measure of light they have received, some as pagans, some as sincere heretics, some as unbelievers. It may be that some of these, rising to a certain level in their ignorance of anything higher, spend better lives than they would have done had they received the light of Revelation.

Your experience with the "antipatica" relative bears out one of my theories of life, viz., that bad people are the minority in the world, and that in every bad person there is more good than bad if you will only look for it.



Lead a life of faith, and cease to trouble yourself whether you believe or not. I will answer for you, you believe well enough.

What is the preparation for faith? Sometimes it may be a deep conviction that the Creator cannot have left His creature without saying something more to him than he gathered from the voice of Nature; a conviction that the outward shell of human life without a special revelation is an unsatisfactory riddle. Or, it may be a rationally worked out conviction that a man in his present state bears testimony to some great rebellion or upset in the moral world. Or, it may be a witness, say the Catholic Church, or some wonder-working Apostle, or some plain, homely priest, or, for the matter of that, some honest old Biddy, who says: "God has spoken to man, you are bound to listen to His message; your first duty is to your Creator, it takes precedence of all duties to your fellow-men, to individuals, to society; you owe it to Him to inquire whether He has spoken, and to bow down your understanding if He speaks what is higher than your understanding." Under many forms the mind may arrive at the conclusion, "God has spoken as a fact; at least there is good reason for presuming He has spoken;" or, "I cannot satisfy my reason unless I discover a revelation has been made; I will go and see."

In the mysteries of revelation there presents itself a strange mixture of the intangible and the tangible: how tangible Christ on earth, the carpenter's son, nailed to a Cross, how intangible His Divinity; how tangible the Eucharistic species, how intangible the Real Presence; how tangible the Church, Pope, Cardinals, Bishops, virtues, scandals, how intangible the abiding presence of the Holy Ghost!

Can you understand how early education, certain intellectual habits, even bodily ailments—irritability, provoking spines, congested liver or spleen, to say nothing of disordered brains—in fact, how past and present, how soul and body, how oneself and one's surroundings, all tell on the effort and act on the mind in what goes before faith?

Even after you have received the habit of faith, the greater number of the difficulties which stood in the way before still remain: the habit of doubting, the habit of objecting, the infirmities of mind, the infirmities of body.

Some neglect the body, especially invalids, and grumble against God because He won't work miracles and save them from the consequences of their own folly.

Those who are not able to fast or to abstain, commonly find an abundant field for the exercise of their patience in the round of daily life ; and the same cause which disables them from fasting and abstaining renders them more sensitive to worries. In the Resurrection we may hope we shall have no backbones, or that they will be better than those which serve our turn in this world.

There is an additional duty, you must watch your health. I have no fear in asserting that your spiritual difficulties are much mixed up with the state of your health.

For your comfort remember the rule : if you doubt whether you have consented to a temptation it is clear you did not consent. Consent is so plain and distinct an act, there can be no doubt about it.

Never trouble yourself whether any remarks you make may suggest wrong thoughts to others ; hope your neighbours are not so prone to evil as to find it everywhere.

Irascible people, though very genuinely holy, are often allowed to remain irascible to the end ; and they probably derive great benefit from their temper, while they provide their neighbours with an opportunity of practising patience.

The plan of meditating in bed has its advantages as long as you can keep awake.

All your morning inspirations and judgments are apt to be tinged with despondency, and the devil will act upon you to deepen the shade ; hence always distrust the morning thoughts, and revise them after breakfast or lunch.

You say you don't want to die with a lot of things on your mind. Of course, die with a lot of things on your mind, with a lot of those fears and fancies which the devil causes in your mind. Tell him you leave yourself, and all your sins, and all your fears to the mercy of Jesus Christ, in Whom you believe, Whom you hope to see in Heaven, Whom you love above all things.

It is so natural and so easy to despond ; our self-love tricks

us into this temptation so cunningly, we must always be upon our guard, and keep ourselves up to the mark in the love of Jesus Christ and in confidence in His mercy.

I wish you could get over your nervousness and fidgetiness in Confession. Don't accumulate worries upon worries by asking yourself whether you mean to deceive your Confessor: let that dog slumber in peace.

It is very possible to attempt more external work than is good for the soul. Fatigue of the body does not help prayer, and it does not help you to govern and guide your Community.

Do what you can for your friend. Perhaps she is joyless because she has never found cause of joy, and there are so many. I own I have never had to do with a soul which did not interest me deeply. God's hand I see in each, in the wondrous capacity for goodness; and then the romances of spirits, of guilt, of conversion, of holiness. One day you will send me word that the joyless face has been lighted up and that you have assisted at her First Communion. *Speriamo.*

Disregard all suggestions which tend to disquiet. You may be quite certain that all *disquieting* thoughts come from the evil spirit, as long as you are endeavouring to serve God, even though you may commit many faults.

Deny your self-love the luxury of a worry.

You allow yourself to be too easily scared by certain temptations; violent temptations, involuntary sensations and involuntary pleasure, you do not sufficiently distinguish from deliberate, wilful, and voluntary consent. The former ought to make you cautious, they ought not to make you miserable as if you had consented. The consent necessary to a mortal sin is a broad unmistakable fact, not less clear and distinct than the full moon in a cloudless sky at midnight.

Try not to be unhappy about the temptations which still return from time to time. I am persuaded they do not return through any fault of yours, and I am persuaded you do not consent to them, beyond perhaps a certain want of promptness and energy in sending the thoughts away and in fixing the attention on some distracting object.

Wage war against gloomy thoughts. Keep hope alive.

The depressing, desponding thoughts are connected with your health.

I detest orchestral music in the church, and I am not devoted to Mozart's Masses, but I should be ready to hear the *Gloria* of his No. 12 with full band every Easter Day of my life, and a grand "Alleluia" at the end of the Mass. I never assisted at this Mass on Easter Day without feeling the better for it.

Everyone will be judged according to his conscience and the law of God. God will take everything into account: temptations, circumstances, education, friends, the age men live in, their health, their passions, everything. Those who have received better education will be judged more severely than those who enjoyed fewer advantages of instructions. "To whom much was given, from him more shall be required."

God will be immeasurably more considerate than the best of men, at the same time He will be more just.

Take a reasonable care of your health. You know by this time the points you ought to attend to, and I think you have learnt the lesson that troubles of the soul often depend on the state of our bodily health.

Your account of your spiritual condition is not very brilliant; still you must not lose courage. Take every care of your health; your troubles depend on causes which demand the greatest attention. Much of your present suffering comes, I fear, from past recklessness in the matter of health. And if you are ever to get right, you must observe constant watchfulness and care. Your misery is as much a bodily ailment as an ailment of the soul.

Your troubles I trace back surely to neglect of matters of health, etc., which you thought unimportant; and your cure will depend much more on similar causes. Do your best to establish your health; do your best to be cheerful with others; do your best to have a succession of reasonable amusements and occupations. You will soon become an altered being.

I am very thankful to hear that your spiritual troubles have diminished, and that you have more hope for the future. You must resist discouragement. You must also take great care of your health. I am persuaded that much of what you have suffered may be attributed to negligence on this head. The punishments of Nature follow slowly, but very certainly.



Take care of your health. I fear you have fasted too long. Don't fall into this mistake. Keep your health for God.

Beware of being drawn too much by Father Faber's chapter on Self-Deceit. In all of us that element enters in too largely, but you may overdo the self-examination.

The noblest sacrifice we can offer to God is the sacrifice of our whole being. Every day in religion, how long soever you live, that sacrifice is renewed. We are privileged and happy in being allowed to make it, yet it will always be a sacrifice to the very end.

Thomas à Kempis says that some have their trials in the beginning, some later on, some at the end of their life. Be quite certain they will come, and never let the day pass without strengthening yourself to meet them. This you do by persuading yourself that you deserve to be tried, that you have no strength to bear them, that you need much grace from God; and you must pray for it, pray daily and pray very earnestly.

People may marry for money or for a home; they have no reason to complain if they get nothing else. You don't blame them. I hope you don't admire them; they have their price and it is not a great one. Perhaps it won't content them.

Your *principle* of not caring for anyone does not recommend itself to me, I confess. If you cared for people in a right way, your soul would be very much the better for it.

You ask: "Is it possible to love God just as much when one loves brothers, sisters, etc., as if one loved God alone?" I think it is: true love of relatives helps true love of God, and true love of God fosters true love of relatives.

When you are tormented as to whether it is a sin to do this or that, note the first words of your common sense: if you see plainly there is a sin, be sure there is; but if common sense says there is no sin, and you begin to worry and fear there is some sin, you may rest satisfied there is none.

You ought not to try and find out whether you committed many mortal sins in the past; leave the past to the mercy of God.

When you examine your conscience, see whether you have violated a Commandment. If you did not, say nothing. If you

did, confess your sin. If you are not certain that you did, say you are not certain, and you wish to accuse yourself as far as you are guilty in the sight of God. When you are not certain you worry yourself to attain certainty. You might as well try to get the moon. When you don't see that you have sinned, you worry yourself to see that you have sinned. All waste of power.

Your last letters have been rather desponding. I hope you are now in better health and in better spirits. You have a lesson to learn. The state of the mind depends much on the state of the health. When you find yourself low-spirited, discontented, imagining all sorts of miserable things about yourself and your friends, you may be sure much of this mind-sickness is connected with health. A good walk in the Park, even by yourself (better if you have a companion), or an expedition on the river in a penny steamer would do you good. It is our duty to contend against our spiritual enemies, and it is also our duty to contend against our bodily infirmities. Now, you will get into a small rage on reading this, and deny what I have written, and say it is of no use to walk in the Park or sail on the Thames. Well, get into a rage, and then cool down and try the experiment.

Let me come back to the point of health. Pay much attention to your health. I dare not promise you that you will be free from temptation if you keep very well; but you will experience fewer temptations and you will resist them more easily, and you will be worried less than you are at present. In your case a sensible care of your health is most important.

Keep the time of business for business; otherwise you are apt to worry yourself all day about some devotion, to the serious detriment of the work, and to the detriment, too, of the spiritual life, which thrives in peace and tranquillity.

A sort of insensibility goes rather with the state of bodily health. One is too much beaten down sometimes to feel anything. Do not consider this a bad sign, as if it implied something wrong spiritually. The soul may be quite right with God, notwithstanding this numbness of feeling. As long as you keep the Commandments, and wish to love and serve God, make your mind easy. The rest at — ought to do more for you than a Retreat. Let your rest be as complete as possible. Go to the church; kneel there or sit down, and, without any effort to pray, remain quiet before God. Pray when you feel disposed and as you feel disposed.

There will remain some profit to you if you can accept with conformity to God's will the "stupid" state, the utter inability to do more than say *fiat*; if you can acquiesce in it and rest satisfied, waiting for a better time. Certainly, the spiritual work of advancing life must consist in preparation of physical suffering, loss of spirits, numbness of intellectual power, and the feeling that life is slipping away from one.

Going into collapse is an objectionable performance spiritually and in every way. Never go to the end of your tether.

Your lifelong difficulty in faith will give you a great crown. Always to seem on the point of going down, daily to repeat the cry of distress: "Lord, save me, I am lost," and to try to serve God faithfully—this is the best we can give Him. And if physical weakness is superadded, the merit of fidelity will be much increased.

I fear you have fallen back into your old fault, and attempt too much for your strength. It is so difficult not to work beyond one's strength, and over-work is so hurtful spiritually.

I think your "indolent inclination" in reality comes from physical causes. It is not always wise to draw the unwilling and unable body up a steep hill. Patience and rest in time may restore tone to the brain.

You know the doctrine of the climacterics: that in our lives there are periods of seven years, more or less, at which the constitution undergoes a change; while the change is being worked out, there is a feeling of *malaise*, lassitude, etc. All this ends in due time and one may resume renewed health, or one may fall into impaired health, but it will be settled one way or the other. One can only wait and see, and meanwhile avoid over-taxing mind and body.

Your chief temptation will be self-worry; stand up against it. Don't worry about doing your very best. Do as well as you can, quietly and rationally.

I am particularly pleased that you are in Dr. ——'s hands; he understands your case perfectly. I have often told you the temptations are physical, and you require physical and kitchen remedies.

For the present your duty is to gain as much strength as you can. Above all, avoid extra exertion. More easily said than

done. I have observed in those who suffer from weakness of the heart a certain recklessness in attempting too much. If you find you can say your prayers with attention lying down, then say them lying down ; some persons can pray very well lying down.

The "desolation" you have felt may be only a natural desolation—that is, it may not come from the enemy, or even from God, except indirectly. Sickness and infirmity, especially weakness of the heart, of their own nature impair the energy of the soul and induce sadness and depression of spirits. At such times, to make any effort seems very difficult, and to pray almost impossible. The soul is weighed down, and rises to God with a dead weight dragging it down. The thoughts are forced on to one's aches and infirmities, to one's sufferings and chances of alleviation, to food, and sleep, and physic. At such times don't force yourself to meditate or even to say long vocal prayers. If you feel drawn to pray, and you can bear the fatigue, then pray as you feel you best can. I hope you have taken to heart the lesson that you must attend to your food.

Your fate as a "mover on" on the face of the earth, furnishing houses and then leaving them, furnishing now the eighth in succession, is indeed a strange one. You may live in the world but not of it, use it as though you used it not, directing your thoughts to an unchangeable home. I am not quite satisfied with your theology, and your idea of how Our Lady would have acted in similar circumstances. I cannot help thinking she would have attended to carpets and coal-scuttles and the rest as well as she could in each of the eight houses, while she tried to be patient under the endless round of mere trivialities.

You are under the idea that there is merit in making the body miserable with cold, etc. A distinction must be made between pampering the body, getting all the comfort possible, and avoiding discomfort. Discomfort, cold, etc., which interferes with the entire application of the mind to prayer or to work, or to duty of any kind, may properly be avoided, and ought to be avoided if possible. To bear such discomfort patiently when it cannot be avoided is meritorious, and it is meritorious to deny the body at times. But as duty should go before pleasure, so duty should go before misery and mortification.

You can't have fervour when you have a difficulty in breathing. The most you can do is to be patient, to avoid swearing and grumbling, to say some prayers mechanically, or



to look at your crucifix, or to make short stations at any pious pictures you may happen to have in your books or on your walls.

You are suffering the consequences of the wilfulness as regards health in years long past ; these consequences cannot be prevented now. The most you can do, the most you can hope for, is to lessen them as much as possible. The greater part of your temptations and trials comes from the state of your health. So, in short, you must take great care of your health, and help yourself by the frequent use of the Sacraments.

Your religion is all right, deep down in your heart, a long way out of the reach of mere physical weariness. Do the little you can and do not care to do any more.

Make up your conscience clearly and firmly to take care of yourself, and not to try more than you have strength for. And rest quite assured God will be pleased if you follow this rule.

Do not worry about your habits of piety. Those were for times of health and vigour ; when the vigour comes back, you will resume the old habits without the least difficulty.

It seems, in the providence of God, that we only learn how limited our strength is, and how much the soul depends on the body, when we come to a breakdown. It is something to learn the lesson even then, and to accustom oneself to keep within one's strength and never go to the end of our tether.

Don't have any scruple about self-indulgence where there is question of avoiding work. Your first duty is to get well, and avoiding work and anxiety is the best remedy you have. Wait till you feel strong before you attempt any real work.

You have not strength enough for holy things. Do the little you can, and wish you could do more. Don't doubt the mist will clear away. The seashore and the ever-moving sea will brighten you up.

The Council of Trent defines for one living amidst the dangers of daily life with the ordinary allowance of human inconstancy and carelessness. Such a one requires a *special* grace not to avoid this or that sin, but to avoid all sin. Persons, however, who really wish to avoid venial sin, who fly occasions, who make use of means of sanctification, prayer, Sacraments, etc., may and do avoid venial sin for months and years together.

I have seen in some of the greatest theologians that they are persuaded many persons, especially in religion, pass years without offending God by a deliberate venial sin.

I am no great believer in the merit of worry and perplexity. There is a greater merit in making a quiet little election and standing by it. Don't delay your refusal to work till you feel you can't. Say you can't when you know the task will be rather difficult, or will fatigue you greatly.

Have no scruples about the idling either. Give up reading or listening when you feel you have had enough. When you are really strong enough you will use your head again as naturally as you use your hands and feet. Short easy prayers ought now to become more possible and more devotional. Say them out in the open air, if you find that helps your devotion, or seated in your chapel.

I understand that you feel much better when you rise at 7.30 and hear Mass. Add a little precaution: when you rise somewhat earlier, give yourself a little rest after breakfast, it will freshen your mind. I take it for granted that it is easier to pray and meditate in the afternoon, the brain is stronger then. But people whose rule of life provides for prayer, like to secure their devotions early, lest they may be interrupted later, and they dread the distractions of the day. The brain requires some time after the night's rest, and some food, to regain its normal power. Until you are much stronger, do not attempt long devotions in the early morning. Sickness is a time when little "dodges"—spiritual writers call them *industria*—are most useful.

Once and again will the reader be reminded how much and how wisely has the modern Confessor adapted himself to the modern Man. Nay, the very conditions of modern sanctity may in a sense be said to have changed, so changed are we. There was a time, strange as it must seem, there was a time upon the earth when man flew in the face of the east wind. He did not like the east wind, that unthinkable Man—his proverbs remain to tell us so; but this was merely because it gave him catarrh, or rheumatism, or inflamed throat, and such gross outward maladies. It did not dip his soul in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse; his hair, and skin, and heart were not

made desiccate together. A spiritual code which grew into being for this Man whose moral nature remained uncorrupted by the east wind may surely be said to have leaked its validity before it reached *us*. He was a being of another creation. He ate, and feared not; he drank, and in all Shakspear there is no allusion to *delirium tremens*; his schoolmaster flogged him large-heartedly, and he was almost more tickled by the joke than by the cane; he wore a rapier at his side, and stabbed or was stabbed by his brother-man in pure good fellowship and sociable high spirits. For him the whole apparatus of virtue was constructed, a robust system fitted to a robust time. Strong, forthright minds were suited by strong, forthright direction, redounding vitality by severities of repression; the hot wine of life needed allay. But to our generation uncompromising fasts and severities of conduct are found to be piteously alien; not because, as rash censors say, we are too luxurious, but because we are too nervous, intricate, devitalised. We find our austerities ready-made. The east wind has replaced the discipline, dyspepsia the hair-shirt. It grows a vain thing for us to mortify the appetite—would we had the appetite to mortify!—macerate an evanescent flesh, bring down a body all too untimely spent and foreworn, a body which our liberal-lived sires have transmitted to us quite effectually brought down. The pride of life is no more; to live is itself an ascetic exercise; we require spurs to being, not a snaffle to rein back the ardour of being. Man is his own mortification. Hamlet has increased and multiplied, and his seed prevail upon the face of the land. Would any Elsinore director have advised austerities for the Prince, or judged to the letter his self-accusings?—and to this complexion have we come. The very laughers ask their night-lamps—

“Is all laughed in vain?”

Merely to front existence is a surrender of self, a choice of ineludibly rigorous abnegation.

Very persecution has recognised this profound change in men, and vindictiveness foregoes the infliction of tortures which justice once held paternal amenities of correction. It would be strange, therefore, if so tender a mother as the Church had maintained the rigidities of a discipline evolved for a race at once ruder and harder than ourselves : the continual commutations of fasting and other physical penances, in present days, sufficiently attest the contrary. And of that more intimately discriminating relentingness which must rest with the private director, the Archbishop's letters furnish a singularly commendable and sagacious example. The degree to which the current of a life is ruffled by the wind of circumstance, coloured by its own contained infirmities, and affected by the nature of its source, has only in these latter days begun to be realised in all its profound extent. An age which sees the apotheosis of the personal method in literature, an age in which self-revelations excite not impatience, but a tenacious interest far from wholly ignoble or merely curious, an age which has shifted its pre-occupation from the type to the individual, naturally apprehends more subtly these complexities of the individual life. And the result is perhaps—even in that Church always the very heart, and that priesthood always the very members, of charity—a charity one thought nearer to the charity of the Eternal. For it is a charity based on a more sensitive delicacy of justice ; and He is archetypal Charity, because He is archetypal Justice.

FRANCIS TANCRED.



### *The Poppy.*

**S**UMMER set lip to earth's bosom bare,  
And left the flushed print in a poppy there :  
Like a yawn of fire from the grass it came,  
And the fanning wind puffed it to flapping flame.

With burnt mouth red as a lion's one  
It sucked the blood of the prostrate sun,  
And dipped its cup in the purpurate shine  
When the eastern conduits ran with wine.

Till it grew lethargied with fierce bliss,  
And hot as a swinked gipsy is,  
And drowsed in sleepy savageries,  
With mouth wide a-pout for a sultry kiss.

A child and man paced side by side,  
Treading the skirts of eventide ;  
But between the clasp of his hand and hers  
Lay, felt not, twenty withered years.

She turned, with the rout of her dusk South hair,  
And saw the sleeping gipsy there ;  
And snatched and snapped it in swift child's whim,  
With—" Keep it, long as you live !"—to him.

And his smile, as nymphs from their laving meres,  
Trembled up from a bath of tears ;  
And joy, like a mew sea-rocked apart,  
Tossed on the wave of his troubled heart.

For *he* saw what she did not see,  
That—as kindled by its own fervency—  
The verge shrivelled inward smoulderingly :

And suddenly twixt his hand and hers  
He knew the twenty withered years—  
No flower, but twenty shrivelled years.

“ Was never such thing until this hour,”  
Low to his heart he said ; “ the flower  
Of sleep brings wakening to me,  
And of oblivion memory.

“ Was never this thing to me,” he said,  
“ Though with bruised poppies my feet are red ! ”  
And again to his own heart very low :  
“ O child ! I love, for I love and know.

“ But you, who love nor know at all  
The diverse tables in Love’s guest-hall,  
Where some rise early, few sit long ;  
In how differing accents hear the throng  
His great Pentecostal tongue ;

“ Who know not love from amity,  
Or my reported self from me ;  
A fair fit gift is this, meseems,  
You give—this withering flower of dreams.

“ O frankly fickle, and ficklely true,  
Do you know what the days will do to you ?  
To your love and you what the days will do,  
O frankly fickle, and ficklely true ?

“ You have loved me, Fair, three lives—or days ;  
’Twill pass with the passing of my face.  
But where *I* go, your face goes too,  
To watch lest I play false to you.

"I am but, my sweet, your foster-lover,  
Knowing well when certain years are over  
You vanish from me to another ;  
Yet I know, and love, like the foster-mother.

"So frankly fickle, fickle true !  
For my brief life-while I take from you  
This token fair and fit meseems,  
For me—this withering flower of dreams."

\* \* \* \* \*

The sleep-flower sways in the wheat its head,  
Heavy with dreams, as that with bread :  
The goodly grain and the sun-flushed sleeper  
The reaper reaps, and Time the reaper.


I hang 'mid men my needless head,  
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread :  
The goodly men and the sun-hazed sleeper  
Time shall reap, but after the reaper  
The world shall glean of me, me the sleeper !

Love ! love ! your flower of withered dream  
In leavèd rhyme lies safe, I deem,  
Sheltered and shut in a nook of rhyme,  
From the reaper man, and his reaper Time.

Love ! I fall into the claws of Time :  
But lasts within a leavèd rhyme  
All that the world of me esteems—  
My withered dreams, my withered dreams.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

*Leaf from a Prison Chaplain's Diary.*

“ H! drat that bird!” said the chief warder, Miss Simms, to the matron, Mrs. Sarah Billeter, on a bright June morning in 1875. “That parrot in Victoria Street will be the ruin of this prison. She has begun talking French; good-bye to discipline. It was bad enough when she only imitated us warders, with her morning salute: ‘Come on, or I’ll report you!’ But now No. 333, Amélie Pascal, the French milliner, has taught her to say ‘Je suis une belle pérouche,’ at least I suspect her. Listen, ma’am, she’s at it again.” Pause, and then “Belle pérouche,” answered the parrot, and visibly climbed up her cage by the aid of her hooked bill, and then swinging on her brass ring, kept up at intervals: “I’ll report you!” “Here’s the matron!” Next, with one claw, “Vert-Vert” held on to a turnip radish, and gnawed it; but directly her mouth was free, she filled up the interval by practising all her vocabulary, French and English, and I declare that I distinctly heard: “Avez-vous fait vos pâques?” For by this time the matron and warder had summoned me from my audience chamber with the glass door, to be a witness to the gambades and supercheries of Vert-Vert.

Whence had come this extraordinary bird? No. 41, Victoria Street, was occupied at that time by Mr. Wilkins, M.P., and his two sons. Could those young fellows have taught her? or had she simply picked up the phrases most usually heard in the exercise ground of Tothill Fields, phrases of the warders to the female prisoners, who passed round and round in the yard which lay quite within view of the back windows of that house and



within ear-shot of the bird? I could not tell you bien nettement; perhaps her vocabulary came from both sources of instruction; I daresay it was so. However, I took note of the last sentence, which was precisely the one I had used to Mdlle. Pascal a week or two before. I asked her, very naturally: "Have you done your Easter duties, Amélie—avez-vous fait vos pâques?"

Amélie Pascal came upon the scene one morning, and from the first impressed me with her frankness, her cleverness, and her misfortune. This was what had happened:

Amélie was born of humble parents and good Catholics living in a village within sound of the four great bells of the Cathedral at Chartres. Her first years had been passed as a poor peasant's daughter in the farmyard of La Beauce and in driving cows out to pasture. She carried her work with her, and she soon developed so much talent with her needle and was so clever at making her own simple clothes and caps, that her father and mother placed her with a dressmaker in the Cathedral city. But in 1863 some young English girls, the Miss Viot-Otters, who had been brought up by the Augustinian Nuns at Tours, passing through, found out her talent, as she was trying on some dresses, and persuaded her that in London, a clever girl like herself would soon earn enough to make herself a position. This seedlet of a thought, or temptation, took root in her imaginative head; and, having saved 500 fcs., she one day got to Havre, and having gained a smattering of English to help her on got to Southampton, on the South-Western line, and took her ticket, bearing with her her little valise. Poor little French girl of seventeen, pretty and engaging, she took her place in a third class carriage. The world was all before her, and with a card of the Viot-Otters, and a recommendation of her Curé, she made sure that these young ladies would redeem their promise and advise her to a situation in the West End of London. At Basingstoke, a smartly-dressed and

portly woman got into the same compartment, and after settling her plumage, and disposing of her parcels, wraps, and valise in the rack, looked round and examined the companion whom chance had thrown in her way.

"You have a pretty ornament round your neck, *ma fille*," said she. "What is it?"

"It is the *médaille de la sainte tunique de Notre Dame de Chartres*," answered she.

"Oh, then, you are French, and you come from Charolais?"

"Yes."

"Well, why not speak French, and let us *chat* a little. I, too, am French, and have an establishment in Sherwood Street, Piccadilly Circus. Have you got an engagement in London when you get there?"

"No."

"Will you like to venture into my workshop and work for me?"

Amélie seemed to think that all smiled on her, as the bright sunshine overhead did, and she easily fell into the toils of this woman, who was prowling about as is the wont of her kind, ready to entrap any inexperienced victim. Madame de Bellevue soon pulled out a well-stored basket of provisions, and at Basingstoke called the boy for strawberries, and two of those small bottles of sherry which are got at refreshment bars.

By the time they got to London it was evening, and Amélie found herself lodged as by miracle, with employment ready made for her, even an hour or two after she had left the station at Southampton. "*Quelle chance! Ma bonne Mère de Chartres, c'est à vous que je la dois.*"

Poor deluded child! The millinery and dressmaking at Madame de Bellevue's did exist, but existed as a blind, and for purposes which I need not specify. For some weeks all was smooth sailing. She took a little chamber in Warwick Street, close to the chapel, and went daily to the workshop, where her

only employment was to make shirt-fronts and wristbands. Madame's system was this for the first months.

When Amélie remonstrated at length, and said that her little purse was dwindling down, and that she had scarce £3 left, she was told brutally by Madame "that did it not concern her, and that she must do as the others did." From her companions, then, she got to know how they eked out a subsistence. "Why not do as they do?"

Indignant at the proposal of these worthless girls, she found into what a snare she had been entrapped. Still she worked on. Considering that her work for two months must have brought in five or six pounds, and as she could get nothing from Madame, she took into her head a crooked bit of theology, which was, that she might take occult compensation to herself in kind; so she stole a sealskin jacket of Madame, and got eighteen months' hard labour.

The merry and volatile disposition of Amélie showed itself in a certain playfulness, and letting off of surplus energy. She made the prisoners absolutely cheerful by her good nature and by her espiègeries. "I'm not going to die, when the earth is one great garden; I am young," said she.

If anything annoyed more than another the prisoners (except the loss of their hairpins, which indeed caused a poignant sorrow) it was the photographing day. There they were to sit, before the instrument of torture, and be presented to the inspection of any of the prison officials in England, "in their habit as they were," and not in their liberty clothes, for purposes of identification to the detective force. A slate hung up in the long corridor, containing the names inscribed on it of all those who were in for felony. As photographing day approached, many were the schemes for disguising their features, especially the eyes, nose, and teeth; I have known a sudden squint so adroitly assumed at a moment of projection, as to quite change the face; a piece of black taffetas or sticking plaster fastened on to the front tooth, and

displayed by a grin at the right moment, helped the transformation. But Amélie said : "I won't be photographed at all;" and, therefore, as the long row of prisoners defiled before the slate, she first of all fixed the position of her own name and number, and in the next turn round the corridor, moistened her forefinger, and with the aim of a true marksman, ran her finger along that line, and smeared it out effectually. Unfortunately the number of cartes were deficient, and this being sifted, it was found that somehow Amélie's name had been forgotten. The deficiency had to be remedied, and the artist expected her for the next batch.

The day before the ordeal I missed two new quill pens from my table; they could have been purloined by only one, for I had seen only my sacristan on the previous day, a confession day.

"Pray why did you rob me of my pens?" I said to her on the Monday.

"Oh, my Father, I wanted to make a false nose, and your quills were indispensable for nostrils of 'mon nez postiche.'"

"Indeed, please to show me the process."

She took from her pocket two bits of quill cut across, and equal in length, and enfolded in a wisp of cotton wool. "You see, Father, I can now breathe through the improver!" at the same time putting two quills enveloped in wool into her nose, one up each nostril. She so puffed out the side of that important feature, as to give her an utterly new appearance. I hardly knew her face, it was so disguised. On leaving the prison that day I asked Mr. Crea, the officer at the gate, to show me the photograph album.

I could not detect Amélie until I compared her number, 333, with that on the slate, which the portrait figure held in its hands. Amélie had become an African, if not a negress; for the camera darkens an olive complexion, or *teint français*. Recognition would have been out of the question by a detective



who should look for identification of the prisoner from such a carte. I told her afterwards that I certainly should not have known her had I not had the clue to the disguise. She was well pleased, laughed heartily, and declared that people were stupid who could not accommodate themselves to misfortune, and get amusement out of it.

"As for me," said she, "I never let things trouble me. I submit cheerfully, and therefore make circumstances, however unpleasant they may be in themselves, serve my turn. 'En me faisant l'esclave des circonstances, je les domine.' There are a million homes in France," said she, "where a sunny temper makes mirth with a meal of herbs, and filial love turns to poetry the prose of daily humble duties."

"Now, Amélie, how do you spend your Sundays? Have you read any of Silvio Pellico translated into French, 'Mes Prisons,' which I bought expressly for you in Brook Street at Franz Trimm's?"

"No, Mon Père, I have not, I reserve it for a more dull day than yesterday was. After Mass and your instruction, I have several things to do on Sundays. Of course the cell has to be cleaned; but that over I visit my friends. My friends are two sparrows who come to the window-sill and take the bits of sopped bread which I reserve for them; but they are not nearly so amusing as my two lace-menders. These are two spiders, who have taken the two opposite corners of my cell window. You should just see their little manœuvres with stupid, incapable gnats and bluebottles. It is as good to me as a comédie at the Porte St. Martin. Annette is very cautious, and waits till the fly has got itself well entangled; and only then down she comes, and up to her larder with her prize, as if it were a chamois killed in the Tyrol. La petite Vis-a-Vis, who lives opposite, has a much more impetuous disposition. I have studied both their characters, and see that the greed and gluttony of the smaller spider loses her many a bit of 'gibier.' Her web is

horizontally placed ; she lies in a den below. But the finest exhibition in the world is to see them make, or, what is better still, repair their webs. All was quite well this morning, but a light breeze got up, blowing from Cardinal Manning's direction. My cell looks on to the back of his House ; I can see a gold backed fauteuil against the window, and some other objects which make me think that His Eminence's sacristy is over there. Anyhow, whenever the breeze comes from the Cardinal's direction, I guess that bad weather is imminent. This morning I said to myself, there will be rain before sunset, and I noticed that Annette's lace frame was very much agitated ; but the sun was so bright that the slight films and strands took different tints, opalesque and turquoise. I cannot give you an idea of their beauty. I pulled two little tufts out of my blanket, and putting my arm outside my cell window, I let the breeze waft a tiny tuft up against the web of each : the parcel of wool looked like a daddy-long-legs, and its weight, helped by the breeze, shook and almost shattered the corner of Annette's web. She felt that something was wrong. First Madame looked out, preparing for fight ; down she came as on a trapeze, and soon found that it was an unsucculent and indigestible object, to be disposed of at once, and at all hazards. Now mark what that admirable woman did. She saw that the hateful object must be cut out. For this purpose she spun a fine thread, and attached it to the smaller threads of the web, stopping to make a knot of some sticky viscous liquid at each point where the severance would come. Therefore each little strand had first to be secured. This done, she bit through, one after the other, the fine cross bars of the woof, and down fell the parasite bit of wool and the fragment of net. Annette at once retired to her parlour, having 'fulfilled all justice,' with a quiet mind, arising from a consciousness of *devoir accompli* ! Poor Vis-a-Vis is not nearly so adroit. Her tactics with her bit of wool did not succeed. She planned at once the cutting out of her enemy, but before she had

cut through the strands of her woof, a puff of wind came and blew back the object against the next compartment of her web, where it now clings. Will Vis-a-Vis consent to make the sacrifice of another half inch? Her lace will then present a much more deplorable, fragmentary residue than that of Annette, for the whole of one section must disappear, and what will be her method of preventing the rest from flopping remains to be seen, for it involves the sacrifice of a great leading thread. Ah, Mademoiselle! rise to the occasion, or I will exterminate you at once: copy Annette; she would mend her lace as easily as I should mend the lace alb of Père Legrand, by cutting out a selvage. . . .

"There was a terrible catastrophe last night, Mon Père. Annette has killed her neighbour, eaten her, and appropriated her web. I had observed that ever since I caused a fatal damage to her net, Madame was listless, exhausted, and torpid. She did not stir out to repair the second and larger breach which I caused by putting a shred of oakum. The rent seemed to me too large, and I fancied that the great supporting silk cable which held the whole structure must have given way; and said to myself: 'Now Annette will tear it all down and begin a new piece of lace from the foundation for my behoof.' Deplorable blindness on my part. I never thought of a contingency which I am certain has now taken place. The supply of viscous matter from which she drew her cordage is not everlasting. She has only a definite supply of spinning matter within her, and that does not renew itself. When this happens I am persuaded that the spiders have only one resource, and that is at once by rapine, plunder, assassination, and cannibalism to take another spider's abode. This she proceeded to do. Poor little Madame Vis-a-Vis was catching a small fly; she had pierced its head, and poisoned the wound, and was now sucking its brains and blood, before winding up the carcase, in order to take it to her dépôt. Annette approached

from the ruins of her own home, and running along the rope which joins one side of the cell window to the other, which rope was her own echaffaudage, she crept on to Vis-a-Vis's neck, and in a instant seized her and bit off her two fore legs, not of the eight, but the two which act like hands or nippers. Vis-a-Vis, thus disabled, was soon despatched, and bundled out of her own net. She now lies a corpse on the sill of my window. Annette's barbarity and unneighbourly conduct can only be condoned when I consider her adroitness and readiness of resource. I watched Annette last night until Miss Spiller, the warder, turned out our gas. She was so busy in the moonlight; but I noticed that the net was in perfect order, and no rent to be seen in it. What was she doing? She was setting the net with new bird lime. That part of her provision was not consumed, though the power of spinning her threadlets was gone. So on every joining of the main strand she attached a little globule de gomme, which looked like a tiny seed pearl, and glistened in its freshness. Especially she gave heed to the central cross bar of the net where the strands are closer to each other. Her net has an outer zone and two inner ones, but the centre zone consists of eight concentric circles, while the next zone to it, which is separated by a considerable interstice, has only three, and the outer zone four threads. All this is contained in an octagonal frame of cordage, double the thickness of the circular web, the angles indeed irregular in size and extent, and three of them at least supplied with ends that are not simple, but in form of a Y, which gives to them the additional security of two attachments instead of one. Annette then, I conclude, is about to stock her larder with small flies and gnats, which are now so plenteous in the prison. I caught a mosquito the other day, which came out of my oakum, and bit me. I conclude also that those pieces of rope which contained the mosquito must have come from Demerara, or Nevis, for they had bits of sugar of molasses about them. Her proceedings are becoming absorbing in interest, and her domestic



economy will have new excitements, if only the October evenings do not draw in too quickly and make it so dark that I shall be unable to take notes. And this is provoking, for I am sure that a little dapper spider came this way one night a fortnight ago, but whether his approaches were hostile or amiable, I have not the slightest idea. 'Mais nous verrons.' Spiders are like the cats in Victoria Street, they prowl by night."

One morning, when Amélie seemed very lively and talkative, I asked her the reason. "Madame Annette a accouché!—Annette is confined. There are compensating things in our destinies, my Father. I had gained a little indifference and nonchalance about the untimely death of poor Vis-a-Vis, that 'petite folle,' and now, Providence has adjusted the balance, and I find that there are compensative advantages in the loss which I sustained when I lost her. Annette, who took possession of Vis-a-Vis's apartments 'au septième,' has been long hidden from my view. I began to think that she was ill, or dead. But yesterday brought her out of her retreat, and brought a new phenomenon to my observation. She appeared, but to my surprise she had two bodies. The second was a kind of oval bag, attached to her back like a 'panier de dames à la mode,' but badly adjusted. 'Oh you little fashionable! that bustle does not improve you.' The bag looked like paper, but rough outside; she seemed to take a deal of interest in it, for once, when it had somehow become detached, she pressed upon it a little of her 'gomme glutineuse': this made the bag adhere to the end of her body, so that thus loaded she looked as if she had one body placed behind another. She seemed to take great care of it, and with great assiduity to keep it well poised, sustaining it with her 'deux pattes de derrière.' What could it be? It was not a grub, nor a fly; she would have interlaced it with silken thread if it had been either. O ciel! it is her nest, and now she has opened one end of it, with her front claws, and the young ones excluded from their shells are moving. Annette then has been

confined, and this is why I have not seen her. She must have known that the young progeny were near their maturity. *Que cela devient intéressant, à la fin!* And now I declare she is nursing them. '*Où est donc votre mari?*' But there is the bell for breakfast, and I must go. '*Au revoir, Madame, et portez vous bien.*' "

And now, having cut this cameo, I wish only to focus my thoughts and memories of this strange and amusing prisoner, and label them. I cannot better do so than by inserting a letter received in 1886 from France—from Amélie herself.

"Permit me, Monsieur l'Abbé, to offer you my most respectful homage, and to assure you that I shall never forget your goodness to me while I was your sacristan. I returned to France, to my native village, near to Chartres, and within sound of the four big bells of our Cathedral. I could not get the work which suited me at Paris, so I passed on to Blois, Tours, Orleans, and eventually to Moulins. Here in the Market Place, where the peasants all wear their caps '*bien ourlés,*' as I taught your prisoners, I met a young man who sold '*fromages de pongibeau.*' I had known him before. He gave me a breakfast, and during that we found that we should suit each other very well. In a word, I am married to Blaize Brisson, a good Catholic. Everything was done in order. We both went to Confession and Communion at St. Pierre de Moulins. He told me that he had seen many faces more good-looking than mine; never one that looked half so good. Was not that a neatly turned compliment? At my request Blaize bought me a parrot from Bordeaux. He is charming: green, with purple lining to his wings. I have taught him to say: '*As tu fait tes pâques?*' He is called Père Grant. Our Curé covets that bird, and says of him that he is a good preacher, and will help to convert the vinedressers of the district. But they do not want conversion, they are all simple peasants, and very good to me. If ever you

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go to Paray le Monial, our village is easy of attainment. Come and see us, and accept a little déjeuner from, yours respectfully,  
AMÉLIE ET BLAIZE PASCAL-BRISSON."

IGNATIUS GRANT, S.J.

*The Sun.*

**N**OWHERE else does the greater light so rule the day, so measure, so divide, so reign, make so imperial laws, so visibly kindle, so immediately quicken, so suddenly efface, so banish, and so restore, as in a plain like this of Suffolk with its enormous sky. The curious have an insufficient motive for going to the mountains if they do it to see the sunrise. The sun that leaps from a mountain peak is a sun past the dew of his birth ; he has walked some way towards the common fires of noon. But on the flat country the uprising is early and fresh, the arc is wide, the career is long. The most distant clouds, converging in the beautiful and little-studied order of cloud-perspective (for most painters treat clouds as though they formed perpendicular and not horizontal scenery), are those that gather at the central point of sunrise. On the plain, and there only, can the construction—but that is too little vital a word ; I should rather say the organism—the unity, the design, of a sky be understood. The light wind that has been moving all night is seen to have not worked at random. It has shepherded some small flocks of cloud afield and folded others. There's husbandry in Heaven. And the order has, or seems to have, the sun for its midst. Not a line, not a curve, but confesses its membership in a design declared from horizon to horizon.

To see the system of a sky in fragments is to miss what I learn to look for in all achieved works of Nature and art : the organism that is unity and life. It is the unity and life of painting. The Early Victorian picture—the school is still in




full career, but essentially it belongs to that triumphal period)—is but a dull sum of things put together, in concourse, not in relation; the true picture is one, however multitudinous it may be, for it is composed of relations gathered together in the unity of perception, of intention, and of light. It is organic. Moreover, how truly relation is the condition of life may be understood from the extinct state of the English stage, which resembles nothing so much as a Royal Academy picture. Even though the actors may be added together with something like vivacity (though that is rare), they have no vitality in common. They are not members one of another. If the Church and Stage Guild is still in existence, it would do much for the art by teaching that Scriptural maxim. I think, furthermore, that the life of our bodies has never been defined so suggestively as by one who named it a living relation of lifeless atoms. Could the value of relation be more curiously set forth? And one might penetrate some way towards a consideration of the vascular organism of a true literary style in which there is a vital relation of otherwise lifeless word with word. And wherein lies the progress of architecture from the stupidity of the pyramid and the dead weight of the Cyclopean wall to the spring and the flight of the ogival arch, but in a quasi-organic relation? But the way of such thoughts might be intricate, and the sun rules me to simplicity.

He reigns as centrally in the blue sky as in the clouds. The October of last year had days absolutely cloudless. I should not have certainly known it had there been a hill in sight. The gradations of the blue are incalculable, infinite, and they deepen from the central fire. As to the earthly scenery, there are but two "views" on the plain; for the aspect of the light is the whole landscape. To look with the sun or against the sun—this is the alternative splendour. To look with the sun is to face a golden country, shadowless, serene, noble and strong in light, with a certain lack of relief that suggests—to those who dream of land-

scape—the country of a dream. The serried pines, and the lighted fields, and the golden ricks of the farms are dyed with the sun as one might paint with a colour. Bright as it is, the glow is rather the dye of sunlight than its luminosity. For by a kind of paradox the luminous landscape is that which is full of shadows—the landscape before you when you turn and face the sun. Not only every reed and rush of the salt marshes, every uncertain aspen-leaf of the few trees, but every particle of the October air shows a shadow and makes a mystery of the light. There is nothing but shadow and sun ; colour is absorbed and the landscape is reduced to a shining simplicity. Thus is the dominant sun sufficient for his day. His passage kindles to unconsuming fires and quenches into living ashes. No incidents save of his causing, no delight save of his giving : from the sunrise, when the larks, not for pairing, but for play, sing the only virginal song of the year—a heart younger than Spring's in the season of decline—even to the sunset, when the herons scream together in the shallows. And the sun dominates by his absence, compelling the low country to sadness in the melancholy night.

ALICE MEYNELL.

### *A Weird Story.*

“ F your charity and for the love of Christ give something to an aged man who has come from beyond the seas in order to lay his bones in his native land !”

The words startled me, and I looked up quickly. The wild bit of moorland I had just passed had seemed so utterly desolate (I was in the Ardennes, and no living thing had crossed my path since I left Warbomont some hours before on my way to Bodeux) that I confess I felt a little taken aback.

The man who had spoken was an old beggar, whose long white hair and beard and tattered garments would have made an admirable study for a painter ; but his unlooked-for appearance in that lonely spot was hardly agreeable, though it certainly was picturesque. However, I pitied his poverty, which was palpable, and, after giving him a trifle, continued my road towards Bodeux ; but I had not got rid of the beggar. He kept up with me all the way, so, in order to pass the time, I questioned him as to the reason of his present distress. He explained that he had emigrated to America many years before, but luck had been against him and he never prospered there. So he had determined in his old age to return and finish the remainder of his days in his native place, Spire—want of means had compelled him to beg his way from Antwerp where he had disembarked, he added.

Just as he finished his sad little history we entered the outskirts of Bodeux, and the old man muttered significantly as we did so,

"Ah, five-and-twenty years ago I witnessed a strange scene in this same village, Monsieur!"

I was about to ask him what he meant, when the extraordinary behaviour of a woman of the place attracted my attention. Catching sight of my companion she excitedly screamed out something in *patois*, and hurriedly rushed back into her house, evidently much frightened. Soon afterwards, other villagers appeared running to their doors, and crying out loudly "Jesus-Maria, 'tis he, 'tis he, 'tis the old beggar, sure enough!" seemed all more or less alarmed. A labouring man, who was cutting the hedge close by the road as we passed, looking up suddenly from his work and seeing us, turned ashy pale, and almost dropped his shears in his terror, as he hastily made the sign of the Cross and moved away.

Something assuredly, of which I was not aware, must have happened to cause such a commotion; and I felt thoroughly relieved when we arrived at the door of a little *cabaret*, the owner of which I had often met before, and knew to be an honest, worthy fellow. Here, at least, I felt I should be able to shake off my fellow-traveller; but before going into the house I asked the old man to stop and take some refreshment. Strangely enough he refused this, steadily though civilly, and bidding me a rather hasty good-day, shuffled off, and was soon lost to sight at the turn of the road leading out of Bodeux.

Monsieur Augustin, the jovial host of the house I stopped at, who, like all the rest, was standing at his door, looked after the beggar's retreating figure, and said emphatically:

"*Mon Dieu*, I would know him anywhere! He has not changed one bit—he has even the very same clothes, I swear! *Sapristi*, but this is passing strange!"

"Why, what has that poor old creature done?" I asked, as I shook hands with Augustin. "All your village seem to be afraid of him, *mon ami*?"

"What has he done, Monsieur?" repeated the innkeeper.



"*Ma foi*, nothing too good, I assure you! But come in, come in, and I will explain the whole affair while you are resting, for you look tired, and you must be thirsty—*par bleu*, but 'tis hot!"

He led the way into a large old inner room, quaintly furnished with dark oaken chairs and tables and the curious brass-embellished cupboards one so often meets with in Ardenne, where about a dozen respectable-looking men were already assembled, laughing and talking over their glasses. The whole party saluted me with the ready politeness so general in the country, and after explaining to them that I was a scholar (*un homme de lettres*, he called me), Augustin, who prided himself not a little upon his skill as a *raconteur*, thus began his strange story.

"My tale," he said, "may seem incredible to you, Monsieur, but it is no less certain that everything I am about to relate occurred exactly as I shall tell you. *Du reste*, many of these gentlemen here (with a sweep of his hand he indicated the present audience), all well-to-do persons as you can see—were either present themselves or else have heard the facts from their fathers' lips!"

Monsieur Augustin looked around him with a pompous self-satisfied smile and then continued impressively:

It was in the year of grace 1832, that our village of Bodeux here was thrown into a state of wild excitement, Monsieur. Just five-and-twenty years ago you see! The place was turned quite topsy-turvy as I might say, for it was said that a thief, a thief, Monsieur, had been discovered in one of the rooms of old Pierre Nihon's house down below there. You can see the top of his roof from our windows here. Pierre's wife had been terrified by hearing a noise in one of the uninhabited rooms of the cottage that morning, and arousing her husband they both hurried upstairs, and opening the door were astonished to see that the bed had been slept in, and what was more, a good looking young man of about two-and-twenty years of age, fully dressed, was calmly looking at himself in the glass!

Nihon clapped the door to—turned the key in the lock as fast as he could—and then rushing to the nearest window loudly called for assistance.

In a few minutes half the village arrived. Recollecting the good old proverb about there being "safety in numbers" Nihon and two or three of the more courageous neighbours (I myself being one of them) remounted the stairs, and undoing the door soon had the impudent intruder bound fast hand and foot, in spite of his frantic resistance.

A curious feature in the case was, that the whole of the time we were trying to make him prisoner he kept calling out:

"Who the devil are you, you villains? Let me go! Help, Father, help—save me, Uncle Isidore!"

Once he was secured Nihon and the rest of us tried to silence him, but in vain—he only cried the louder. At length sheer want of breath forced him to desist, and then one of the men demanded what he meant by forcing himself into a decent man's house in that way—like a thief.

"Forcing myself here? *Par exemple!*" cried the stranger angrily, "How dare a pack of ruffians like *you* force yourselves into my room, and then have the insolence to ask by what right I am at home?"

"You are evidently trying to play the fool," said Nihon then, "but you'll find yourself in the wrong box, my fine fellow, for all that you've tried to disguise yourself by dressing up in that ridiculous fashion!"

I ought to explain to you, Monsieur (said Augustin), that the robber, or whatever he was, had on a most extraordinary costume. He wore in fact a curiously-made braided jacket, short knee breeches, long blue stockings, and buckled shoes, and upon his head the funniest of little cocked hats. His hair too was unusually long and curling, and indeed his whole appearance suggested a person of olden times.

At the word *disguise*, the young man looked full at Nihon and said ironically :

"Disguise? Why it is you who are masquerading, not me! I am only wearing my everyday clothes, but you and your companions look like a lot of mountebanks! Get out of this all of you I say!" and then he began screaming out for assistance even louder than before. Clearly there was nothing sensible to be got out of him, and Nihon and the others were sorely puzzled what to do. Then someone a little quicker-witted than the rest suggested that perhaps *M. le bourgmestre* might be able to solve the mystery, whatever it was, and forthwith Nihon unloosed the captive's legs and we all marched him straight through the village to the *mairie*, calling for *M. le curé* on the way.

Once out in the open air our prisoner seemed stupefied, for after looking round at the gaping crowd that followed him in a dazed kind of way, he allowed himself to be led along to the *bourgmestre's* without uttering another word. Very soon old Nihon had explained all and the *bourgmestre* asked the culprit in severe tones what excuse he could make for his extraordinary conduct.

"I will answer you with pleasure, Monsieur," said the stranger, "if *you* will first tell me who you are yourself?"

Everybody laughed at this sally, for our great man was well known to be as proud as he was pompous.

"Who am I, you young idiot?" he cried angrily; "why, of course, all the world knows I am the *Bourgmestre* of Bodeux!"

"*Bourgmestre* of Bodeux—you, bah!" laughed the prisoner scornfully. "Your jest is ill-timed, Monsieur, if you mean this for wit! Do you imagine I don't know our good old *mayeur*, the Baron of Rahier, as well as I do my own father? To the devil with your stupid tomfoolery!"

"My son, my son," expostulated the *curé*, who was really shocked at all this, "you must not speak so violently! Listen to me, at any rate, if you will not respect the authorities: be

truthful, and if you can explain your innocence satisfactorily you shall at once be released—I promise you.”

“I don’t know you either,” said the young man, turning in a gentler way towards our good clergyman; “but you look kind, and you are a priest, and therefore more likely to help me to understand the meaning of this hubbub. Perhaps I’ve fallen among a set of madmen, or have I become a fool myself? *Ma foi*, I hardly know which yet; but a word will settle it. Now, *M. le curé*, am I, or am I not, in the village of Bodeux in the parish of Stavelot?”

He waited eagerly for the answer.

“*Formerly* in the parish and commune of Stavelot,” corrected the *bourgmestre* majestically, “but now Bodeux simply, you know—simply Bodeux.”

“Well, then,” continued the youth (not taking the slightest notice of the last part of the *mayeur*’s speech, and in point of fact turning his back upon him) “if that is so, why need a lot of howling brutes rush into my bedroom this morning and half strangle me? Why have I not been able to see my parents? Why is everything turned upside down in the village, and this crowd of jeering people following me as if I was an evil-doer? Why can’t some of them go and call my father to clear all this infernal mystery up?”

“Your father—who is he—where does he live?” asked the priest rapidly; he began to feel that there might be something behind all this.

“Why, Robert Warion, of course—the Baron of Rahier’s head man! Don’t pretend you don’t know *him*,” answered the captive, looking bravely at them all.

“Warion,” repeated the *bourgmestre*, knitting his heavy brows with a puzzled air, “there *was* a family of that name here once—true—but they are quite extinct now—this fellow is evidently trying to impose upon us all. Perhaps he takes us for fools! It seems to me that the best thing we can do is to leave him



with my good friend *M. le curé* here for a few minutes. He may be able to persuade the misguided creature to explain himself. Meanwhile, the house shall be well guarded to prevent any attempt at escape."

So we all withdrew, and the priest and the prisoner were left alone.

Outside the *mairie* an excited crowd eagerly discussed the strange event. Some declared that the fellow must be a thief, but it having been proved that nothing had been stolen from Nihon's house, *that* theory had to be abandoned. Others said it was far more likely that he was some poor fool who had dressed himself up in this carnival costume and wandered from some neighbouring village into Nihon's house without intending any harm. Thus did the villagers argue when all at once the *bourgmestre's* door suddenly opened and the *curé* hastily beckoned the *mayeur* in.

"I have at last succeeded in making this poor young man explain matters," said the worthy priest; "and if all he says is true, his is one of the most extraordinary, as well as one of the most interesting, stories it has ever been my lot to hear. Listen, *mon chère bourgmestre*: he swears to me that he is Balthazar Warion, son of the Baron of Rahier's bailiff. He tells me that yesterday, mark well the date, mind you, *yesterday*, September 16th, 1752, he left his father's house here in Bodeux, at dusk, in order to go to see his sweetheart, Toinette Gerard, of La Vaux, to whom he was engaged to be married. It was ten o'clock when he left her and set out to return home. The night was cloudy, but fine, and the autumn moon clearly lit up the young man's way; but just as he was crossing a rather lonely little glen he met an old beggar, to whom he had already refused alms earlier in the evening when on his way to Toinette's. This time the man (he was nearly bent double) again begged for a trifle.

"Of your charity and for the love of Christ give something

to an aged man who has come from over the seas in order to lay his bones in his native land,' he whined.

"Young Warion says he made no reply, but vaulting over a low hedge continued his way towards his father's fields. Not very long afterwards, however, he again came across the mendicant, who again repeated the same words exactly. This time the young man completely lost his temper, and crying out:

"'Get out of my sight, you old nuisance, I'll not give you a *son*, you can go to the devil!' pushed past him roughly enough.

'Thereupon Balthazar declares the beggar suddenly straightened himself up, his eyes flashing like flames of fire, and lightly touching the astonished young fellow on the shoulder with his staff he cried out in sonorous awe-inspiring accents:

"'Thou who hast sent *me* to the devil shall now be punished thyself!'

"At the same instant Warion fell to the ground as if he had received a severe shock, and felt himself rolling helplessly down the ravine, arriving at the bottom insensible.

"How long he remained so he cannot tell; all he knows is, that when his senses returned he found he was lying half covered with moss and earth in a kind of hollow in the rocks. Quickly rising he made the best of his way back to Bodeux; it was quite dark and the village was still asleep, so going in by the back door of his father's house he quietly crept upstairs and into his own room—where Nihon found him this morning!"

The good *curé* stopped and looked anxiously at the *bourgmestre*.

"Well," said the latter with a mocking laugh, "all this cock-and-a-bull story doesn't prove anything that I can see—I confess I am as much in the dark as ever!"

"Stay!" said the priest gravely; "will you oblige me by opening the village register and looking out the entry of September 25th, 1731?"

Curious, but in no way convinced, the *bourgmestre* produced the book.

"Ah, I thought so," remarked the *curé*, now visibly excited. "See here, *mon ami*, here is the birth of a Balthazar Warion, sure enough son of Robert Warion, who is stated to be the Baron of Rahier's bailiff, and upon January 29th, 1753, there is the death entered of this same Robert, but there is no mention made of the son, of Balthazar's decease !

"Suppose now we call in Remacle Wergifosse (he's out there in the crowd, and is certainly the oldest inhabitant here, I know he is over ninety) ; he surely must have seen these Warions, and as he never has left the village he would unquestionably know if young Balthazar really disappeared in any way ? "

Delighted at being required to give evidence, Remacle Wergifosse, a fine hearty old fellow in spite of his ninety years, came bowing and scraping into the room.

"Well, Remacle, my man, do you remember anything of people called Warion—Robert Warion and his son ? " asked the priest.

"To be sure I do, *M. le curé*, though I was but a *gamin* of twelve years old when the son (he was called Balthazar, you know) disappeared no one knew how or where. Ah, I remember the rare fuss there was about it all, and how people said it was that which caused Robert's death soon afterwards—a kind man he was too ! "

"Now, Remacle, at the time young Warion disappeared was he courting anyone—any girl in the neighbourhood you know—try and remember ? " said the *bourgmestre*.

"'Tisn't very hard to recollect, *M. le mayeur*, considering the young woman—she was called Toinette, Toinette Gerard—consoled herself by marrying my eldest brother, Jacques ; and a nice life she led him, too, the vixen ! But there, they're all dead and gone this many year, all of them—Heaven rest their souls ! "

"Well, now just listen to me, my good Remacle," continued the *bourgmestre*, pointing towards the prisoner, who during the whole of this little scene had appeared to be in a sort of stupor.

"Here is a fellow who pretends to be that same lost Balthazar Warion. Look at him well!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed old Wergifosse, "that's a rich joke! That man is dressed exactly as the Warions used to dress (as everyone did in those days); aye, but I'd like to know in what country he has stayed ever since, where people can look so young at his age. Ha! ha!"

Just then something else happened. Several villagers burst into the room, full of excitement, and bringing the startling intelligence that a large party of them who had gone from sheer curiosity to examine the ravine near which the true or false Balthazar had said he had been struck by the beggar, had discovered a hollowed place, a kind of cave, never before noticed, where, amid a mass of newly-disturbed ferns and stones, the shape of a man's body was distinctly to be seen deeply impressed in the earth.

While the explorers were all graphically describing this new phenomenon, the origin of it all—the young man—seemed callous and indifferent to all that was going on around him. He now sat with his face buried in his hands, silent and stunned, in the midst of the tumult. Suddenly—so suddenly that everybody stopped talking and looked over at him with terror-stricken faces—he gave a piercing cry, started up as if he had been shot, and pointing with one trembling hand towards the open door shrieked out, wildly:

"There he is, there he is again! Ah, Sainte Vierge, have mercy!"

"Who do you mean, *who* is there?" cried a dozen voices at once; for a large crowd still stood outside the house and it would be hard to know to whom he referred.

"Can't you see him?" gasped the frightened creature, "he who bewitched me—the beggar—there he is again—*ah, mon Dieu!*"

They were the last words he ever spoke. His face changed



rapidly, becoming livid and almost wizened-looking ; he tottered feebly from side to side for an instant, and then fell heavily forward and dropped down at the *bourgmestre's* feet.

When they raised him up he was quite dead, and his face was as the face of a very old man ! Inquiries were quickly made and it was discovered that a pauper had, indeed, been amongst the people before the *bourgmestre's* door ; but as the man denied all knowledge of the deceased, and as besides his papers (stating he was a German on his way to Antwerp and bound for America) were all found to be correct, the authorities here could not detain him, although old Wergifosse vowed and declared that he *was* the very same beggar who he remembered to have seen about Bodeux the day young Warion disappeared !

"Now, Monsieur," continued Augustin, turning to me, "my story is ended. You will, perhaps, now understand better than you did before why the appearance of the old mendicant, who came into this village awhile ago with you, caused such a sensation. That he is the identical person who was here at the time Balthazar Warion died so strangely in the presence of us all I do not doubt—in fact, I would swear to him ! Let us hope that no new misfortune may follow this last visit of his !"

"Why, do you really believe, Monsieur Augustin, in the possibility of Heaven permitting men's charity to be put to the test in this way ?" I asked jestingly.

"What I believe, or what I do not believe, matters little, Monsieur," replied the innkeeper sententiously ; "but what I *know* is, that here in Ardenne the idea is very generally accepted, *du reste*, this may perhaps explain why beggars are so kindly treated amongst us. Few people, as you may have noticed, Monsieur, ever care to refuse them alms, remembering the old Walloon couplet, which says, you know,

"Si le vieux Roulard tu recontres,  
Et que sa voix touche ton cœur,  
A toi bonheur !

C'est le mendiant du Seigneur ;  
Mais si par trop dur tu te montres,  
Ah ! crains le bourdon du toucheur ;  
A toi malheur !  
Il est l'instrument du Seigneur."

Worthy Monsieur Augustin ceased ; and as I had noticed that during his long recital the evening shadows had been gathering round us, I now rose to go, having still some three miles before me ere I could reach Trois Ponts, my destination for the night. The innkeeper and his companions civilly came to the door to see me start, and after bidding them all a friendly good-bye I proceeded on my way, through the soft autumn twilight, thinking, it must be confessed, a good deal about the extraordinary history I had just heard.

I knew that in many countries such mythical traditions were formerly common enough, but to come across the same idea in the nineteenth century here in Ardenne surprised me not a little.

My musings, however, were nearly at an end now, for there lay Trois Ponts quite close, just beyond the little copse I was now entering ; in a few minutes I should be there.

How delicious the evening was ! The moon had not yet risen, but through the stately, sombre pines came the clear, bright rays of the evening star, *l'étoile du berger*, as the Ardençais call it, and the perfect stillness was only broken by the murmurous babbling of a tiny brook and the occasional hum of some late-going bee.

Suddenly a voice, coming from a little distance off, accosted me with the now well-known words :

"Of your charity and for the love of Christ give something to an aged man who has come from over the seas in order to lay his bones in his native land !"

"Ah, ha !" thought I, "my old friend of the road guesses probably that Augustin has told me that queer story about young Warion of Bodeux, and knowing very well that I should

have to pass through this wood to-night (I had mentioned that I meant to sleep at Trois Ponts), thinks he will be able to frighten me into giving him something again." So I called out mockingly enough :

"Hallo, old boy, come here! I rather want you to tell me a few of your wonderful adventures before the Flood!"

I had meant to ridicule him ; *but the words were hardly out of my mouth before he was up quite close beside me*, touching me almost, and silently questioning me with his grave searching eyes.

Involuntarily I shuddered—who or what could this mysterious being be? How he had managed to appear so instantaneously I do not know—I have never been able to fathom that—for when he spoke he had certainly seemed some distance away. All my vaunted courage left me at once, and I admit I felt a good deal like what Faust may have done whenever Mephistopheles came upon the scene too readily.

To my memory came back the words of Augustin's legend, distinctly, painfully :

Si par trop dur tu te montres,  
A toi malheur !  
Il est le mendiant du Seigneur !

and mechanically drawing out some loose coins from my pocket I silently gave them to the old man.

Through the still night air came a few muttered words of thanks, gravely rather than cringingly spoken as he abruptly turned away, and following a different path from mine was soon lost amid the shadows of the wood.

A feeling of intense unaccountable relief came over me as he went, for while he was standing beside me I felt instinctively that I was in the presence of something uncanny, and I was not sorry when I reached Trois Ponts.

Of course, the majority of persons would say I had been the

victim of a delusion or of an impostor ; but a rather curious thing was, that though I subsequently made many inquiries and undertook innumerable excursions on foot in that neighbourhood, I never heard or saw anything of that strange old beggar man again.

RHODA KATHLEEN FORBES



*The Books of the Carthusians.*

THE most beautiful books produced in this century are probably the Office-books of the Carthusian Order, printed for their private use alone at Montreuil, in the Pas de Calais. These do not find their way into the market, the only exception being that a very few Bibles, pointed for Carthusian chanting, were not long since allowed to be sold in Paris, a larger number having been printed than was actually needed, and those few were eagerly purchased by careful collectors. Those who are admitted within the precincts of any Chartreuse should always ask to see these books, miracles of beauty and careful work. They are large and in very bold type; for the Prior alone has one to himself in his stall, each other volume in the choir is shared by three monks, and as the night Offices are sung by the light of very feeble lanterns it is necessary that page, letters, and notes should all be on a grand scale. The books are a part of the whole stately and austere magnificence displayed by the Order in things devoted to God's honour: buildings which few outsiders ever see; cloisters in which no one walks, save to pass from cell to chapel or refectory; libraries in which books are bound with equal skill, costliness, and taste—all are more carefully wrought for the glory and the eye of God alone than the homes and palaces of the great on earth, with their ornaments, are arranged to minister to their own pomp and pride.

All that can be is wrought by the hands of the monks themselves or the lay-brethren. At Parkminster, the great Monastery in Sussex, the sumptuous buildings are the work of a lay-

brother ; at Montreuil, the great printing press of the Order, the printers are again brethren, and the director of the works is an English monk, himself a literary man of some distinction once a busy merchant in London, who has exchanged the wrangling of the mart for the almost unbroken silence of his cell.

The Office-books are not the sole productions of the Montreuil Printing Press. The very interesting work on Henry VIII. and the Carthusian Martyrs, by Dom Doreau, the Prior of Parkminster, was wholly printed there ; and for sumptuous type, accurate workmanship, and admirable reproduction of old engravings by modern processes, leaves nothing to be desired. So conservative and orthodox people as the Sons of St. Bruno have fallen into one modern heresy. They have printed the subject of each engraving across the tissue paper which guards it. Now tissue paper is no part of a book, but is intended only to prevent any harm from still damp type to an engraving ; it should disappear the moment a book is bound : yet in Prior Doreau's volume flimsy stuff is treated as an actual part of it ; and when we have said this we have made the only possible adverse criticism against the manufacture of books at Montreuil. We have dealt with this at some length because another specimen of printing from the same press lies before us, which demands a notice.

This is a collection, in the size which in France most nearly answers to our own crown 8vo., of five treatises of Denys the Carthusian, on the Rules of, and the virtues fostered by, the Order to which he belonged. His very name is probably unknown to most of our readers ; yet he was one of the most voluminous writers of the Church, if not the most voluminous, for an anonymous writer of a translation of one of his works in the last century says that if the Abbot Trithemius and others have given the palm to St. Augustine, it was only because they did not know all the works of Denys. Most of these treatises

of his were foredoomed to sink into obscurity, for they are comments on works which of themselves have become obscure. Who, even among professed Theologians, reads St. Denys the Areopagite? nor are five large volumes on St. Thomas Aquinas much more popular. But the Order to which he belonged has always studied his lesser works, and some are worth preservation.

Denys was born in the earliest decade of the fifteenth century, near Liège, and having very early manifested a vocation to a severe monastic life, became a Carthusian at the age of twenty-one. Though called from his Monastery from time to time, and mixed up with many affairs of State, mainly connected with the East, and the dangers of Christendom from the Turks, his whole soul was in the cell, to which he returned when possible; shrinking even from those offices given him by his brethren, the posts of Procurator and Prior. He died at the Monastery of Ruremonde in 1471; and it is said that many miracles were wrought at his tomb.

A treatise on the "Four Last Things," of which a translation into French exists, may still be read with profit. But the "Pentateuchus"\* is that to which we desire to draw attention, and commend to all who can read Latin, and wish to do so in admirable type. There is much to show that the Carthusian life excites interest and attention just now. Matthew Arnold's stanzas, written at the Grande Chartreuse, perhaps the finest lines he ever wrote, began the modern expression of sympathy, and each summer is sure to bring its magazine article on the subject. But the mere tourist, even one so sympathetic as Arnold, sees the externals in part, and penetrates little into the inner life of the Community. That no organ accompanies the "stern and naked" rite, and no bell is rung at the sacring of the Mass; that the brethren incline their bodies profoundly

\* "Scalæ Religiosorum Pentateuchus, continens quinque ex operibus D. Dionysii Cartusiani. Monsterolii MDCCCXCI."

before the Host, and do not genuflect ; that their prostration is complete and peculiar ; that they rise at night for a long Office, and go to bed before the world thinks of dining ; that the rigour of their Rule is excessive, and yet that they remain hale and stalwart men—these things are patent to all. Their tractates on “The Novitiate,” “The Monastic Life,” “The Rule and Offices,” “Inward Mortification,” and “Spiritual Progress,” teach us to understand the true spirit of the Order ; and will prove as instructive as edifying to many Catholics, who themselves scarce understand a life so alien to even their life in the world.

And as in every life worth the name there must be many hours of recollection, there is much in these meditations profitable for those hours, since not Carthusians alone have to meditate on the last things, and cultivate the graces of the soul. The high ascetic devotion here inculcated, if inimitable by most of us, will at least encourage us to be more self-denying and more devout, and explain the careers of those who pray while the world is forgetful of prayer.

The voice of Blessed Denys is one of those which, like that of Thomas à Kempis, sound as a trumpet call to a noble life ; a cool breeze blows from his words into the midst of our hot and feverish life, and brings us a season of refreshing. We cannot thank the Carthusians of Montreuil too sincerely for the republication, nor praise too highly its outward form.

C. KEGAN PAUL.



## *Glamour.*

### I.

#### EARLY SPRING.

**I** SAW the earth a-starred, ere blossom-time,  
With constellations in the virgin grass,  
And rapture seized me. Then, it came to pass,  
I thought my thoughts chimed with the heav'nly chime  
Of the gods speaking, and the earth that was.  
Pitch'd to Apollo's lute, the earthly rhyme  
Wherein I sang sighed no more weak "alas!"  
But utter'd all I feel in moods sublime  
When epic wonder touches glory's scheme,  
Breathless at Nature's awful loveliness :  
Gave voice to feelings that with mute tears bless  
The gods betray'd by some heroic gleam ;  
And sad thoughts, caught at flower-lips, did express  
With the fidelity—of glamour's dream.

### II.

#### MID-MAY.

FROM the high woodlands comes the voice of song  
In the sweet mornings of the fresh mid-May :  
O'er cloth of gold life's march is borne along,  
And the white hawthorn banners line the way ;  
Triumphant are the strains the birds prolong :  
Eternal seems the golden light of day,

And youth, which hopes and takes joy-flusht and strong,  
Dwells with the gods as confident as they.  
Age, pain, and sorrow may or may not be ;  
The winter, it is said, brings with it death ;  
Youth pauses not, nor bates one joyous breath  
Whilst glamour holds the land from sea to sea ;  
For all that pessimist or preacher saith,  
The moments seem eternal whilst they flee.

## III.

## MID-SUMMER.

THESE breathless July days, I call to mind  
The virgin May beguiled us and has fled,  
And all her pageant with her. None may find  
Her largesse which so royally was shed  
At blossom-time. Laburnum did unbind  
The tresses of pure gold which grace her head :  
Dream-fragrance came, with every breath of wind,  
From banners of the white thorn and the red :  
The breath of lilac shaped the thoughts of love  
With soft enchantment in the tender dusk,  
And fire-pulsed youth, in balconies above  
The faery lawns, sighed o'er the languorous musk.  
To epic glory common lives did move  
Till glamour faded—leaving but the husk.

EASTWOOD KIDSON.

## *The Crusading Cardinal.*

THE Paris *Figaro* gives its own sprightly version of an interview with Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Carthage, on the occasion of His Eminence's sudden visit to Paris at the end of July.

Is there in religion, as in diplomacy, a certain art of being whole or sick according to the necessities of things, or is it that the journalists see things in a false light and exaggerate them all? I put this question—freely enough—to His Eminence. Had we not been told that the Algiers packet was bringing us a dying Cardinal? Did they not put into the valiant Prelate's mouth I know not what superstitious predictions of his approaching end? There is a well-known Italian legend that if two Cardinals die in less than three months, they are followed by a third before the three months are out. Cardinal Haynald and Cardinal Alimonda have died recently, and Cardinal Lavigerie is reported to have said, as he arrived at Lyons, "I shall be number three." But I think this is neither his wish nor his belief. His walk is rather more languid this year than last, his complexion less rosy, and his long beard whiter; but the voice is stronger, the eye full of laughter and life, the mind as charmingly alert as ever.

"Confess, Monseigneur, that you are not ill at all, and that you come to Paris on quite another errand."

"No, no; I am really very unwell, and I have come to put myself under treatment."

"For nothing else?"

"For nothing else;" and the Cardinal entered into details. For two months the right leg has been the seat of intense pain. "In my time it was called, I believe, knotted rheumatism, nowadays it is dry arthritis." The Cardinal has placed himself in the hands of three physicians. His Eminence adds with a certain little *coquetterie*: "The leg is bad enough, but the heart goes well, and so does the head." We chatted. The recent

vote of the Chamber with regard to the Brussels Act has strongly moved the Cardinal. He goes so far as to throw some very hard words at M. Piou, one of the victors in the memorable debate. He cannot understand how a Conservative and a Christian should be the one to conceive the project of ruining an enterprise which is properly the work of the Pope. Then followed an eager refutation of the theories recently set up at the Palais Bourbon by the adversaries of "the right of search." Here His Eminence repeated, very eloquently, the arguments of MM. Francis Charmes and Ribot. The Cardinal is convinced that the vote of the majority was directed less against the Brussels Act than against the two Deputies personally. He does not wish to see anything more in the provisional rejection of the Act than an incident of Parliamentary strategy which does not bind the future. "The question is not yet done with. Wait a few months and perhaps I shall speak. I have something to say on social matters of interest to M. Piou and his friends. For the moment I shall leave politics alone."

"Nevertheless, it is said, Monseigneur, that you come to Paris on a certain mission of negotiation and conciliation."

"How, and to whom?"

"Some have alleged that you disapprove the sort of rivalry that appears to be established between two political associations inspired by your counsels."

"You mean the associations of M. Bonjean and Monseigneur Fava? The Society created by M. Bonjean is absolutely independent of the Episcopate. It helps the Bishops without embarrassing them. What is it we want? To gather together all Catholics for the defence of their religious interests on constitutional lines. M. Bonjean summons the laity, Monseigneur Fava invites the clergy to this; here is a salutary rivalry at which no one can take umbrage."

"You do not perhaps entirely approve the recent enterprise of Monseigneur Richard?"

"Indeed I do not. And here, I grant, the disagreement is absolute."

"Just so. And it is also alleged that you have come to Paris to convert those irreconcilables, those who do not admit any possible separation between the monarchical faith and the other faith."

Cardinal Lavigerie appeared to hesitate whether he should answer; then he said, suddenly:

"Have you ever cooked asparagus?"



"Never, my Lord."

"Well, when the asparagus are put on the fire this is what happens : some get cooked and some don't. There is the same fire and there is the same water for them all, but some boil to softness at once and some resist. No one knows why. And it is only by feeling them ——"

"Precisely ; it is said you come here to feel ——"

"No, no ; I have come, I tell you, to treat my arthritis. Only I have gauged a dissension amongst us, and I believe it is best to allow the adverse influences that are at work to prove themselves, to classify, to settle themselves—until the day when one voice shall be raised on the side of our party, and shall fix the terms of a definitive agreement. But the situation is too confused at present. It is necessary to be patient, and the business is none of mine. Meanwhile I go, and I shall continue to go, where the Holy Father thinks that my duty lies. Our opinion is not shared by M. d'Haussonville and his friends. These gentlemen reproach us for wishing to reconcile religion with the Republic. If those very curious Monarchists had not taken fright at the Comte de Chambord we should probably not have had any Republic. They detest it, and yet it is they who have made it." The Cardinal became more and more animated as he spoke. I even thought that His Eminence's right leg had ceased to give him any pain at all. And I was able, thanks to a quite juvenile impulsiveness, to gather some interesting confidences.

"People have been very angry with me for my adhesion to the Republic. Shall I tell you the story in two words? It was last autumn, on my return from the Anti-Slavery Congress which I attended in company with an admirable priest—one of the heroes who have worked most and suffered most in Africa in the holy cause which we defend—Bishop Livinhac. I had gone to Rome to present to the Holy Father Monseigneur Livinhac, who had recently been promoted to the office of Superior of the White Missionaries. The Holy Father expressed to me the ideas that had long occupied him, on the necessities of Catholic politics in France ; but he wished that a French voice would proclaim them in France, and he invited me to speak. I was not ignorant of the animosities and the rancour I should raise amongst the Monarchists, and I thought at first that the success of my own work might be irremediably compromised in consequence. I was about to give a terrible blow to the convictions and hopes of people whose subsidies secured bread to my own missionaries. Had I the right to do this? I

asked the advice of the new Superior of the White Fathers. And this is precisely what occurred. Monseigneur Livinhac knelt down before me and said, 'Even though our work should be undone, even though we should die forsaken, yet for the sake of our country, Eminence, grant to His Holiness all he expects from you.' I obeyed, and that is the history of the famous toast."


"And have you, as a fact, Monseigneur, had to suffer much as the consequence of your action?"

"A disaster, my dear child! I say nothing of letters full of stupidities, I say nothing of insults addressed to me, of practical jokes played upon me. I will tell you later about the little joke of the Legitimists at Marseilles, which was in delicious taste, and which I have not yet revealed to anyone. The serious thing is that a multitude of purses are now closed to me, and that it is our poor missionaries who suffer. The toast of Algiers has cost them in six months 300,000 francs! You see," said the Cardinal as he rose, "what a priest who simply does his duty has to expect from the Faithful of the old school. Indeed, I want new friends, supporters who believe our policy to be the really wise one, and who will give their help to a work which the hostility of certain Catholics threatens with ruin. All the world must help me. Ah, if the Editor of the *Figaro* would——"

"Perhaps he will, my Lord."

"Do you think so?" and the Prelate added, smiling at his own use of a bit of Paris slang: "Tell him that, perhaps, I shall come in my turn to *interviewer* him to-morrow."

*Reviews and Views.*

A NUN'S LIFE. ISS KATHARINE TYNAN'S first prose volume—"A Nun, Her Friends, and Her Order" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.)—is a biography of Mother Mary Xaveria Fallon, some time Superior-General of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin in Ireland and its Dependencies. This would seem to be the first time that an entirely pious Catholic biography has been written in the tone and temper of young contemporary literature. A style that takes for granted a certain alertness in the reader, and thus avoids dull explanations and words that most writers have not by heart but by rote; a gaiety and a pleasure in the *tournure de phrase*; a vigilance for pictorial beauty, which is a much fresher thing than "a sense of the picturesque"—these things make a charming combination with simple Catholic faith and the recital of a life full of familiar virtues. One wonders somewhat how it will strike the Nuns themselves; to outsiders nothing could be more attractive. Miss Tynan herself has the advantage of being at once a Nuns'-school-girl and one of the poets of her time. She has known the Convent life, its seclusion, its childish little ways, its profound pieties; she has had a young girl's passion for a special Nun, she has played in the gardens where there were absurd little rockeries and lurking statues of St. Joseph, and she writes for the *National Observer*. You cannot say more. The opening words of her book give some of its quality: "The life of a Nun, unless she be a Catharine of Siena or a Teresa of Avila, is a level life, or, if there are hills in it, they are the little hills of the Psalmist, that praise the Lord." We make no pretence at ranking Miss Tynan's prose with her poetry. In poetry she has a rare instinct which has taught her perfections of versification hardly attainable by scientific research; while her

glow and sweetness never sound over-abundant in the flight of verse as they are a little in danger of doing in prose. In the course of her recital or description in this biography she has happy lapses into her own right manner of utterance—poetry ; and her roughest verse (she apologises for its lack of finish) is a poet's in its whole substance.

“WHY WAS I CHOSEN?” **I**N the early chapters there are some pretty incidents of the lives of Mother Xaveria's predecessors, spiritual and natural. Some passages of autobiography, as frank as Marie Bashkirtseff's, give innocent confessions, such as that of a girl whose gravest sin is having once tried “St. Agnes's Fast” (such as Keats's Madeline undertook) to bring a vision of a future husband, until hunger prevailed and the spell was broken off. The same girl loses her lover, who marries instead her own young and comparatively frivolous aunt. From the higher ground of her subsequent religious life she exclaims : “What was there, my God, in me worthy yourself? Why was *she* forsaken and I chosen?” Coming to later times, Miss Tynan relates the simple outward facts of a life hidden in God. Mother Xaveria was a devout Nun, a skilful mistress of novices, a successful Superior ; and her Order, which is educational, after prospering in Ireland, has broken fresh ground in India, in Australia, and in Canada, and flourishes at many points of the soil of Europe. Her life was fruitful, visibly and invisibly, to an incalculable extent, as are all devoted lives ; as for her death :

On this side of the grave was suffering, toil,  
 Probation, and a great desire unslaked ;  
 On that side, happy virgins pour the oil,  
 Brimming their lamps, at midnight hour awaked  
 By the glad cry : “The Bridegroom comes in haste !”  
 Rise up then, lovely Bride, and hold Him fast !  
 The Bride hath in her white gown's folds, as once  
 A queen of old, red roses rich and sweet,  
 And purple ripened under burning suns,



Rich as the stains wherewith His blessed feet  
Stained all the way uphill the sand and sward.  
These are earth's joys foregone to give her Lord.

After the toil, and suffering, and desire,  
And patience, and the death in life long borne,  
Who would recall her who hath flown up higher,  
Beyond the gold and pearly gates of morn?  
Sleep, sweet, dear soul! Wake up, O blessed Bride,  
Beyond your dearest dreaming satisfied!

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THE ROAD'S REDE.

"There is one of Nature's spiritual ditties that has not yet been set to words or human music: "The Invitation to the Road"; an air continually sounding in the ears of gipsies, and to whose inspiration our nomadic fathers journeyed all their days."—R. L. STEVENSON.



YOU who stand on yon heather-knoll  
As a tanned breast round and brown,  
Why look you so? why halt you so?  
I rede you hasten down.  
Take you me for a mistress meet,  
'Groom of the road and rhyme!  
I have a tune to teach your feet,  
As they beat in rhythm and time;  
Your treading treadeth poems out,  
Although I be no talker;  
Trees and dreams wave over me  
For the lusty walker;  
My white dust wreathing, rising, seething,  
Swathing round his knees,  
Is a cloud of climbing vision,  
Clinging fantasies;  
My white folds writhing up the hills  
Are coils to lap about him,  
And drag him down the distances  
That tempt, and twit, and flout him.

I taunt with "ho!" the torrent's fume,  
With "ha!" the wroth stream's surge,  
Like a cataract's spurt I leap across  
Over from verge to verge.

I worm me into the close counsels  
Of the wild wood's hid heart,  
Shrinking to a noteless path  
To play my traitorous part;

And when I am well quit of him,  
I loosen back to road,  
A-gad through all the haunts of men  
To prate his ways abroad.

I cleave the haughty head o' the hill,  
Though helmed in triple rock;  
I curb the grim wild of its will,  
Its silence laugh to mock.

Poplars like tall feather-grass  
In light ranks by me lean;  
The larch rolls down, in leap on leap,  
Its cataract of green.

I lead your feet by waving wheat,  
And treasuries of broom;  
The pines bear up, stark, straight, and sad,  
Their superincumbent gloom:

The pines, stern, sad Atlantes, groan  
With their firmament of gloom;  
But I run out, swift, white, and glad,  
From the shade of their solemn doom.

Then take you me for your mistress meet,  
'Groom of the road and rhyme!  
I have a tune to teach your feet,  
As they beat in rhythm and time.

And I will teach your blood to run  
In wanton wreaths as I ;  
While I fling a white laugh back beneath  
To the laugh of the sun on high.  
And cry ha ! ha ! to the jolly sun,  
To the losel clouds, ho ! ho !  
For they loll and doze on the thirsting sky,  
While lusty and hot stride you and I  
O'er the sweating earth below.

THE PORTRAIT **A** GALLERY of contemporary portraits  
GALLERY. should become an annual thing in London ; for portraits contain much of the best work produced to-day, and they are an annoyance to the general public at the great exhibitions. But the first collection, opened late in the season in Piccadilly, is something better than any yearly successors will be if they are confined mainly to the work of one year. The present show has arrears to call upon, and contains, for instance, some of Mr. Whistler's most famous works. His "Arrangement in Grey and Black" (portrait of his mother), which is now probably a quarter of a century old, and has been seen at intervals since it was skyed over a doorway at the Academy, needs no fresh praises. It is a simple, dignified, and purely pictorial work, very harmoniously related in all its tones—the value of a framed etching, that hangs on the wall forming the background to the sitter's figure, being especially delicate and true. The same painter's "Miss Alexander" affects a Velazquez turn ; the figure is placed with a kind of stiff assurance, foreign to the English idea of personal dignity in a little girl with short petticoats. The "Miss Corder" portrait is another old Grosvenor friend of the public ; its chief merit is in the clever management of four several blacks, or—to speak more correctly—in the rendering of black surfaces so modified

by light as to have the value of four grey derivatives of black. Obviously there is but one black as there is but one white. Several French portrait painters exhibit—M. Bonnat and M. Cormon amongst them. M. Carolus Duran exhibits his beautiful portrait of the daughter whom he has painted with his best grace and his most expert technique at several stages of her life. The portrait of Cardinal Manning—few exhibitions but have one—is by Mr. Ponsonby Staples, and is already familiar to readers of last month's MERRY ENGLAND.

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THE LENBACH PORTRAITS. **T**HE German Exhibition, to which the close of the social season allows freer access than was possible during the press of engagements, leaves something more lasting than the amusement of its "Germania" show and the strains of its excellent bands, in the remembrance of the picture gallery. The Germans have sent us a more serious collection of pictures than the other nations did in their turn. The national portraits by Professor Lenbach, fairly well known in England by their splendid reproductions, are there, looking rather hard and inexpert as mere painting, but showing their beautiful draughtsmanship nevertheless, their intelligent characterisation, individuality, and dignity. Prince Bismarck appears in several aspects, and in each one as the very type of Teutonism. But the Emperor William I. and Monsignor Strossmayer have been the painter's happiest subjects—the one with a subtly-captured expression of simple old age and the other with a singular vitality and vigour of look. Religious subjects seem to have occupied German painters more than the artists of Italy and France, and the Exhibition shows something of fancy and feeling in this realm of painting.



*The Story of a Conversion.*CHAPTER VI. *(Continued from p. 138.)*

## THE KABBALAH : SACRIFICIAL AND EUCHARISTIC DOCTRINE.

**W**E have now discussed the earlier and cruder forms of sacrifice ; the sacrifice of Melchisedech, and the anticipations of a wider worship and an unbleeding oblation which it heralded ; the sacrificial system of the Mosaic law, and St. Paul's comparisons between it and the Christian Eucharist. Following the historical order by which our course has hitherto been determined, we are next brought to the instituting of the Eucharist by Our Lord at His last Paschal Supper with His Apostles ; for the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel is of the nature of a commentary on the Eucharistic idea, which St. John, by his manner of relating the discourse of Our Lord there enshrined, supposes already known to the readers of his Gospel.

There are in the New Testament four accounts of the institution of the Eucharist. They are contained in the Gospels according to St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, and in the First Epistle to the Corinthians ; and they fall into two couples : the first, the narrative of St. Mark and the longer and usually fuller Gospel of St. Matthew ; and the second consisting of St. Paul's declarations and of the history in the Gospel of his disciple St. Luke. On account of the controversies among Christians with respect to this Sacrament, every word—and, it may almost be said, every letter—in each of these has been subjected to the most minute scrutiny. The net result is that all four agree in the substance ; though there are differences in the wording, and though some supply particulars which others do not mention. For, it is to be remembered, the New Testament writers do not

as a matter of course give us the exact words which were employed by our Divine Lord. Sometimes, no doubt, they do so; but it is by no means to be taken for granted that this is the case. St. John habitually paraphrases. He puts the discourses in his own way, and brings out their meaning in his own fashion, so that (as in the third chapter of his Gospel) it is not always easy to see where his paraphrase ends and his own supplementary remarks begin. The first three Gospels—which are called the synoptic Gospels, because they give a synopsis of Our Lord's life and ministry, whereas the fourth Gospel takes up only certain selected incidents and deals with them at greater length—as habitually summarise. The Sermon on the Mount, for example (Matth. v.-vii.), is evidently an abstract. It does not in the least read like a *verbatim* report, nor is it at all reasonable to suppose that the declarations enounced in it were uttered only once. Many if not all of them must have been appropriate, and were probably made, on other occasions as well. The same holds of the parables and other discourses. Because the illustration of the sower (to take one example out of many) had once at a given time and to a given audience been made use of, it does not in the least follow that it was never again to be employed. For this reason, probably, as well as from other causes, the same parables and sayings are found with one context in one Gospel and with another in another. To this is conjoined the at first sight surprising similarity—and, indeed, often the identity—of the phraseology in which these parables and other sayings are couched. As is usual where care is taken to preserve the accuracy of a narrative handed on by oral transmission, the accounts of what Our Lord had said and done had already assumed certain set forms when the Gospels were written. The original witnesses, or groups of witnesses, had become accustomed to relate their experiences in as many uniform ways, which their hearers followed to prevent misrepresentations creeping in. Such condensation and crystallisation would, of

course, begin immediately an event had taken place or a discourse had been uttered ; and might be complete in the course of a few months, or even weeks.

We may now proceed to the four accounts of the institution of the Eucharist :—

ST. MARK xiv. 22-24.

And while they were eating, [Jesus] having taken bread, and having blessed, He brake, and gave to them, and said : Take, [eat], This is My body.

And having taken the chalice, having given thanks, He gave *it* them ; and they all *of them* drank of it. And He said : This is My blood, that of the [new] covenant, which is poured out for many. Verily I say to you, that no more will I drink of the fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new in the kingdom of God.

ST. PAUL (I. COR. xi. 23-25).

For I received (as a tradition) from the Lord that which I in like manner handed down (as a tradition) to you, that the Lord Jesus, on the night on which he was betrayed,

Took bread, and having given thanks, brake *it*, and said [Take, eat]: This is My body which is [broken] for you ; this do as My memorial.

In like manner also the chalice, after supper, saying : This chalice is the new covenant in My blood : This do, as often as ye drink of it, as My memorial.

ST. MATTHEW xxvi. 26-28.

And while they were eating, Jesus, having taken the bread, and having blessed, brake, and gave to the disciples, and said : Take, eat, This is My body.

And having taken the chalice, and having given thanks, He gave *it* them, saying : Drink of it all *of you* : For this is My blood, that of the [new] covenant, which is poured out for many unto remission of sins. But I say to you, that I will not henceforth drink of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it with you new in the kingdom of My Father.

ST. LUKE xxii. 13-20.

And they made ready the pasch (or passover). And when the hour was come, He sat down, and the twelve Apostles with Him. And He said to them : With desire have I desired to eat this pasch (or passover) with you before I suffer. For I say to you, that from this time I will not eat of it, till it be fulfilled in the kingdom of God.

And having received a chalice (or cup of wine), having given thanks, He said : Take this, and divide it among yourselves. For I say to you, that I will no more drink from the fruit of the vine, till when the kingdom of God *shall* come.

And having taken bread, having given thanks, He brake *it*, saying : This is My body [which is given for you] ; this do as My memorial.

In like manner also the chalice, after supper, saying : This chalice *is* the new covenant in My blood [which is poured out for you].

In thus rendering these four passages, I have followed the Greek as closely as possible ; but on comparison with the Douai version on the one hand and with the Unrevised Anglican version and its Revision on the other, the reader will find only slight verbal modifications imitative of the exact grammatical construction of the original. Instead of "cup" I have used "chalice," as fitter for the occasion ; and I have employed "memorial" instead of "commemoration" or "remembrance," because it is the word usually adopted in translating the analogous terms in the Old Testament. The words printed in *italics* do not, I may add, exist in the Greek, but are added to complete the sense according to our English idiom.—Those between round brackets are merely explanatory additions.—Those within square brackets rest on respectable, but nevertheless inferior, manuscript authority ;\* and it is in most cases easy to see how the additions may have crept into the text through the mistaken zeal of copyists to supply what they imagined to be accidental omissions in the MSS. they were transcribing. Finding the name "Jesus" in Matth. xxvi. 26, and noticing its absence in the almost identically worded twenty-second verse of Mark xiv., a copyist might not unnaturally fancy that a previous transcriber had by a slip left it out in Mark. In the same way, "eat," in the later part of the verse, was probably supplied from St. Matthew ; "new," before "covenant," from St. Paul and St. Luke ; and "Take, eat," in St. Paul, also from St. Matthew. It is more difficult to suppose that St. Paul wrote "This is My body, which is for you," without some participle, such as "broken" or "given," which the ordinary Greek and Latin texts respectively have.—But these various readings are of no importance ; and we pass from the form to the substance of the four passages.

\* The various readings of the New Testament MSS. are given very fully in Tischendorf's "*Novum Testamentum Graecum*"; the principles by which the text is determined from them are set forth in Scrivener's "*Introduction to the Criticism of the New Testament*."



The first characteristic about them—and it is one which strikes even the most casual reader—is that they are all expressed literally. According to the Protestant hypothesis, Our Lord and His Apostles and other disciples intended with the whole purpose of their hearts to convey the idea that the Eucharist is a mere figure of the Body and Blood of Christ. If so, it is extremely singular that they never take the very simple and obvious course of saying that it is so. The sacred writers were, we are told, imbued with a supreme horror of the spirit of Popery. They were skilful, with a supernatural discernment, to detect it even in embryo. And—they *always* select literal expressions, though the figurative meaning was *always* before their minds. Shall we urge that, doctrinally inspired though they were, it does not follow that the future history of mankind was disclosed to them in prophetic vision; and that, therefore, they may not have suspected that the majority of Christians would fall into idolatrous errors occasioned by their employment of exclusively literal phraseology? Such a plea would be useless; for if they were ignorant, the Holy Spirit was not ignorant, Who inspired them. Can it be pleaded that Our Lord at the Last Supper explained away the literalism of His language, and that from the nature of the case much more was probably said than is reported in the summaries given by the Gospels? The answer is that these convey to us the net result of whatever was said, and do so by employing a uniform and unqualified literalism. A single word—the adverb “figuratively,” for example, thrown in after “said” or after “is,” or the word “as,” or “like,” would have settled the whole matter. They again and again had occasions for explaining themselves—which, in fact, they often do in other cases. In the four accounts of the institution of the Eucharist alone no fewer than eight opportunities occur—four in speaking of the host, and four more in speaking of the chalice. But in not one of these eight cases does anyone say what on the Protestant idea was in everyone’s mind. It is a veritable epidemic of

heterophasia.—St. Paul, in 1 Cor. x. 16, gives himself two further opportunities of supplying the (by Protestants) so earnestly desiderated qualification that by “to be” he means “to represent.” But how regretably, from a Protestant point of view, does he employ these two openings! Whatever of inspiration there is in him, is, according to that Protestant view, trying to make him say: “the Eucharist is only figurative.” But the use he makes of these additional opportunities of self-explanation is only to burst out with, “The chalice of blessing which we bless, IS IT NOT a participation of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, IS IT NOT a participation of the body of Christ?” Language so energetic, and occurring not in the description of a vision or even in a parable, but in an epistle where the aim was, evidently, not to explode rhetorical fireworks, but to communicate serious and solid instruction, could only with some difficulty be interpreted as figurative even if it occurred only in an *annexe* or blind alley of the exposition.—But it is not a side expression; on the contrary, he makes it the highway of his reasoning. He expatiates on it, and thereby increases its force, in the sentence next following: an eleventh occasion for explaining himself, had he conceived there was place for a figurative explanation. “Because,” he proceeds, “the bread [is] one,” or, “Because [there is] one bread,”\* “one body are we, the many, for we

\* 1 Cor. x. 17. The words “is” and “there is” are included in brackets as an indication to the reader that they do not occur in the Greek, but are filled in to complete the ordinary structure of an English sentence.—Dr. John Lightfoot, in the seventeenth century master of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, quotes (“*Horæ Hebraicæ et Talmudicæ*,” Gandell’s edition, Cambridge, 1859, vol. iv. pp. 227, 228), in illustration of this verse, a passage from R. Moses ben Maimon’s commentary on the Talmudic treatise “*Erûbhîn*,” on Brotherhoods or Confederations, describing the way in which the Jews entered into close brotherhoods in the mediæval Ghettos. “How,” says R. Moses, “do they enter into ‘*Erûbhîn*’ in the courts? They demand of each house in the court one whole cake or loaf, and these they put together in one vessel and in some house” or building, “which is in the court. . . . And one of the company blesseth; and so all eat together.” The illustration is remote: the practices of the Ghettos are long subsequent

all partake (*metechomen*) from the one bread." Why should he attribute to it the proper and peculiar function of sacrifice, if it was part of his commission as an inspired Apostle to prevent his readers from fancying it to be anything of the kind?—He has, however, other opportunities of explaining himself; for he is about to urge on the Corinthian converts that their participation of the Eucharist is a conclusive reason against their partaking of the heathen sacrifices. Had he been a believer in the "figurative" notion, the legitimate way to have turned his argument would have been to say that though the Eucharist is not indeed the Christian sacrifice, which is Christ's Body and Blood, it is nevertheless a figure of it; and that even the figure is so high and holy,

to the time of the Epistle to the Corinthians; and it would have been puerile in St. Paul to found a serious argument that all Christians were one body on the circumstance that the loaves or cakes of unleavened bread used for the Eucharist were whole and undivided. But Ben Maimon's remarks are, none the less, very valuable; for the way of making '*Erûbin*' described by this justly celebrated Spanish rabbi—he was born at Cordova in A.D. 1139—is evidently a survival from the ancient rite of participation in the peace-offerings. These (as we shall afterwards see) were also covenant offerings by which men bound themselves conjointly to the Deity and to each other; and, as is obvious from the verses next following, it is under its aspect of a peace-offering that the Apostle is here considering the Eucharist. "We are all one body," he says in effect, "because in the Eucharist we all partake of the same *shelem*," *hostia salutaris*, or peace-offering, which, as was explained in the June number of MERRY ENGLAND, was the only kind of sacrifice in which a portion of what was offered was received by the offerers. This was done as a pledge that they had become guest-friends of the Deity, eating with Him at His own table. They thus also became one united body with each other; and the one body into which Christians are thus compacted is afterwards (1 Cor. xii.-xiv.; confer also vi. 12-20) expounded at length to be the mystical body of Christ.—The reason why the Eucharistic bread, and not the wine, is spoken of in this reference is, apparently, that wine and blood have no visible organisation or distinct parts for distinct offices, on which St. Paul intends afterwards to insist in connexion with the Church. The argument is: "By partaking of the body of Christ, you become the body of Christ if you receive it worthily; it touches you and quickens you to a higher life of love (1 Cor. xiii.); which is just what *you* are wanting in (1 Cor. i. 10-vi. 11)."

These considerations are strengthened by observing that later on in his Epistle (xv. 45, 47) the Apostle speaks of two Adams, the first of the earth, earthly, and the second heavenly and "made into a quickening spirit." By the heavenly Adam he means, of course, our Divine Lord, of whom he elsewhere (Rom. v. 14) declares the first Adam to have been a type—in part, manifestly, a type by antithesis, as Eve was of the Blessed Virgin: inasmuch



that no one ought to be a sharer in the heathen sacrificial meals, who is a communicant in the Eucharist. And he says nothing of the sort. Instead of doing so, he straightway parallels it (as far as its sacrificial character is concerned), not only with the Jewish sacrifices on the one hand, but also with the heathen sacrifices on the other. There was a difference between these two. The pagan oblations were addressed to beings, who, had they ever existed as they were portrayed, would have been dæmons. The Hebrew oblations were addressed to God. But God had ceased to respond to them; the New Law had superseded the old; and the communion with the Deity, which the Jews vainly thought to secure by their sacrificial ritual, stopped

as (1 Cor. xv. 22) the first Adam was a cause of death and the second a cause of life. The first Adam, however, was a cause of death by the participation of his bodily nature. The point, therefore, in which the second Adam is most exactly adumbrated by the first, must be that by the communication of his bodily nature the second Adam, contrariwise, is a cause of life. Now it is to this bodily nature, and not to the Divine nature as to which he tells us (Col. i. 7) that Christ was before all things, that St. Paul refers when he says the second Adam *egeneto eis pneuma zoopoion* (cf. John vi. 62, 63) "was made into a quickening," or life-giving, "spirit." Had the *Divine* nature been referred to, the words *was made into* could not have been employed.—At first it may seem to us strange to call the body of Our Lord *pneuma* or spirit. But it ceases to be so when we examine the phraseology of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, and reflect that according to Catholic theology the resurrection body is "spiritual" or spiritualised—a reflection which also disposes of many of the vulgar objections to the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist.—"Christ has been raised from the dead, the first-fruits of them that sleep" (verse 20). "Someone will say: How are the dead raised, and with what body do they come" (verse 35). "There are also terrestrial bodies, and bodies celestial" (verse 40). "So also is the resurrection of the dead: it is sown a natural (Greek: psychical) body, it is raised a spiritual body" (verses 42-45). All these declarations lead on to "The first Adam was made into a living soul (*psuché*); the last Adam into a vitalising *pneuma*." We have already seen that *pneuma* denotes a penetrating, self-communicative, actuating influence (MERRY ENGLAND, June, p. 128), breathed out into other beings which it transforms and vivifies. Hence its special appropriateness where Our Lord's once visible humanity is spoken of as a *vitalising pneuma*—as transforming our corporeal nature into the likeness of itself. "The first man" he proceeds, "is of the earth, earthly; the second man is of heaven. As we have borne the image of the earth, we shall also bear [rather than "let us bear"] the image of the heavenly" (verses 48, 49). Such bodily imaging—such a transformation of "the body of our lowliness, conformed to the body of His glory according to the" incarnate "operation whereby He is able even to subject to Himself the all" (Phil. iii. 21)—involves union and participation. In the language of that



short at the altar. Mindful of this difference, St. Paul conducts his argument differently in the two cases, while in each he so manages it as to bring out the sacrificial character. As to those who continue to confide in the Mosaic ritual, he exclaims: "Behold Israel after the flesh: Have not those who eat of the sacrifices communion with the altar?" "Their communion with the altar," his argument is, "corresponds," so far, "to your own communion in the Eucharist"—so far, I say, because worthy communion in the Eucharist goes farther than the altar and than all that is visible.—He then turns to the pagan sacrifices, to which whatever beings responded would be dæmons, "and," he continues, "I would not that you should

Platonic philosophy which is many centuries older than Plato and was the traditional mould of Oriental thought, the *mimesis* implies the *methexis* (cf. MERRY ENGLAND, May, p. 36). Conformably with this, we find both union and participation in First Epistle to the Corinthians: the first in 1 Cor. vi. 13-17, "He that is joined to the Lord is one *pneuma*," where the foundation of the argument is bodily union; and the second in 1 Cor. x. 16, etc., "Is it not a communion of the body of Christ?"

This train of thought had the advantage of falling in with previous ideas of many of the disciples of St. Paul. The Kabbalah frequently speaks of two Adams—Adam Rîshîn, "Adam the Head," St. Paul's first Adam, and "the Prior Adam," Adam Qadmôn, of whom the whole created universe is a reflection and Adam Rîshîn an image in miniature. Adam Qadmôn is mystically represented as in human form—the idea in fact is that the human form is human because it is his and that the natural body was struck from his spiritual body like an impression from a seal. He is the regulative principle of the universe, whose five worlds—for five there are, according to the Kabbalah—he holds together in synthesis (cf. Col. ii. 17, *sunesteke*). The Kabbalah does not however regard this Prior Adam as having existed as such from all eternity. On the contrary, it attributes to his non-existence the ruin of other worlds more ancient than that which now is. "Before the ancient of Ancients, the most hidden of all that is hidden, set out an array of Kings and Crowns of Crowns [the ten older Sephiroth], there was no giving or receiving [of love]. And they were graven and measured on Himself [His perfections were their root and original]. He stretched out before Himself a veil, and on it he graven and measured Kings and their array; but they did not keep their place. And this," says Zohar, ingeniously putting aside a historical difficulty in the Pentateuch by interpreting Genesis xxxvi. 31 of the fallen angels, "is the reason of its being said, 'And these are the kings of Edom who reigned in the land of Edom before there reigned a king over the children of Israel.' King means archetypal king; children of Israel, the archetypal Israel" (Zohar, vol. iii. p. 255, § "Naso, Idra Raba"). The archetypal kings of the Israel above are the ten Sephiroth. But before these were other ten, seven of whom (Genesis xxxvi. 32-39) are described as kings of Edom, *i.e.*, according to Jewish symbolism, of imperfection and defect, or, in other words, of evil.

have communion with dæmons. Ye cannot drink the chalice of the Lord, and the chalice of dæmons. Ye cannot partake (*metechein*) from the table of the Lord, and from the table of dæmons." Could he have concealed the Protestant opinion more diligently? How easy, for instance, it would have been to abstain from using in the last sentence the expression "the table of the Lord"—an expression which we have already seen (MERRY ENGLAND, June, p. 138) to involve sacrifice and to differ from "altar" only in being more emphatic.

It will be observed that this evidence is cumulative. We have now enumerated as many as fourteen occasions—eight in the four accounts of the Lord's Supper, and six others in these

"They did not stand," says Zohar,—they were expelled to the lowest world, the world of matter. They are Tohû, formlessness; Bohû, emptiness; Khoshek, darkness; and seven actively evil spirits, the lords of the seven infernal halls; and the reason of their instability was that the Divine nature "did not unite itself with them, not having yet put on the form of man, by which all things are bound together." This form of man, Adam Qadmôn, is the ten Sephiroth conceived as uniting themselves to creation. It is rooted in the *first* or ungenerated world, the depths of the Divine essence. It has for its soul the *second* world, the first of the generated worlds. This is the world of 'Atsiluth, the world of emanations, composed of the ten Sephiroth themselves, which also collectively constitute the Shechinah, the glory which manifested itself in the Most Holy Place (Exodus xxv. 21, etc.) and was, according to the Kabbalah, the dwelling-place and as it were the body of God. According to the ancient philosophy of the Jewish tradition, however, the soul is present, though not with the same intensity of activity, throughout the whole body. It has the shape of the body. Hence it is that, as previously remarked, the ten Sephiroth are represented as together forming a human figure. Cether, the crown; Khochmah, wisdom; and Binah, understanding, centre on the head and the right and left arm or breast respectively. This first triad especially presides over the *second* generated world, the Baratic world or world of creation, which is the spiritual world of Metatron. To it human souls belong; of these Adam Qadmôn is the head. The second triad of the Sephiroth—Ghedhula or Chesed, Magnificence or Mercy; Gibborah or Dîn, Might, Severity, or Justice; and Tiphe-reth, Beauty—are assigned to the lower part of the trunk. They specially preside over the *third* generated world, that of Yetsira or formation; the world of the heavens and of the angels, which are conceived of as sensuous, but not as material. The third triad—Netzakh, Triumph, Perfection, or Eternity; Hûd, Praise or Glory; and Yesôdh, the Foundation: which are assigned to the thighs and the feet of the figure and to the basis on which it stands—similarly preside over the *fourth*, and last, of the generated worlds, the world of *Zabha*—the world on which archetypes make impressions as on wax, or, in other words, the world of matter. By one of those turns of

various declarations by St. Paul in the tenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians—in which the New Testament writers had to decide between “is” and “only symbolises.” To these fourteen instances twelve others are to be added: one in 1 Cor. xi. 27; another in the next verse but one; two in each of the four verses John vi. 53-56; one in John vi. 52; and another in verse 57. In each of these twenty-six cases they had the option of speaking of the body (or, according to the subject being spoken of, of the blood) of Christ in the Eucharist as literal, or as figurative; of declaring it to be the Christian sacrifice, or saying that it was only an empty acted metaphor. In not a single instance is there a moment's hesitation about the line to be taken. This is a sufficient indication to any fairly sensible man how the land lies, even apart from appeal to the inspiration of the sacred writers and to “prophetic instinct against

thought not unfrequent in the Kabbalah, the body of the human figure is then represented as constituted by the worlds which are specially acted by these three triads—the world of creation (in the above peculiar sense) forming its head, and that of Formation its trunk, while the lower limbs and the feet, and the ground on which it stands, are the “world of Impressions.” These the soul of the figure draws to itself: but whatever will not be so drawn does not belong to it (cf. John, xv. 4; Eph. iv. 13; etc.).

The body of Adam Ri'shîn was formed from the four elements (Zohar, vol. i. p. 53), from earth and water, the lower, and air and fire, the higher. It was moulded in the likeness of Adam Qadmôn; so that man is a microcosm, and in himself images the universe. His animal soul (*nephesh*, *psuchê*) flowed into him from the abyss of chaos (*tehum*), over which the tenth of the Sephiroth (Malcûth, the Kingdom, which is the radiance emitted by the others) shines out; his speculative and practical understanding (*nous*, *ruakh* usually in the Kabbalah) was reflected from Tiphereth and the angelic world; and his highest faculty (*nishmah*, *pneuma*), that of the supernatural was irradiated from the Khochmah, with which the Prior Adam is also singularly and peculiarly identified. If he cultivates this last faculty by contemplation and good works, Adam Qadmôn, from whom he emanates, unites himself with man, and gives him a body of light, a type or adumbration of his own; “which is to him a robe when he enters into Eden . . . when he passes into the other world, and comes into the presence of God, Blessed be His Holy Name! It is through being robed in that robe that he is one of the blessed, and is able to gaze into the very centre of the mirror of light, according as it is said, ‘To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to look upon [or, inquire at] His temple’ (Ps. xxvi. [xxvii.] 4).—Zohar, vol. ii. p. 458, § “Pheqûdhê,” on Exodus xxxviii. 29, near the end; cf. 1 Cor. xv. 50-58.



Romish errors." In the face of such essentially cumulative evidence, it is only a sort of profane joke to quote "The rock was Christ," carelessly or carefully leaving out the word "spiritual" (1 Cor. x. 10); or to cite "I am the true vine," omitting to add that the force of the Greek is "I am that of which the vine is a symbol"—a perfectly literal declaration. It is as useless to quote passages in which "is" does not occur—for instance, "These bones [are] the whole house of Israel" (Ezekiel xxxvii, 11)—as to allege others in which it occurs in the interpretation of what is explicitly set forth as being a parable or a vision. For what is the relevance of quoting, to illustrate the use of "is," or "are," as meaning represent, a passage in which "is," or "are," has no place? One might as well quote the first verse of Genesis to exemplify the meaning of pterodactyl. In the region of real objects again, a thing is itself before it is taken to symbolise anything else. But in a vision or a parable, that which is brought before the mind has no objective reality whatever. In the parable of the sower, for example, or, to take a secular example, in the story of Rasselas, there need never have been anyone to whom the events happened, but the writer or the speaker has all along in his mind the moral he desires to convey. If there were ever such a sower as that of the parable, the coincidence was merely accidental. The real sower in the mind of the parabolist, is the literal preacher of the Word; but if we say that the real bread in the Eucharist is the Body of Christ, and that the apparent bread is only a sort of mental vision, how would that agree with the Protestant theory? It is, again, useless in the presence of this cumulative evidence to urge that the Apostles could not have understood Our Lord's words literally. The phraseology they uniformly employ shows how they understood them. It is equally useless to urge that in their oral teaching they must have expressed themselves otherwise. The only reasonable conclusion about their oral teaching is that it was of the same sort as their written teaching. What



probability is there that they wrote in one way and spoke in the opposite? Such a supposition is contrary to common sense.

Our position is enormously strengthened by a closer inspection of the passages of which a general and comprehensive view has been given above. On comparing together the four accounts of the institution of the Eucharist, it will be seen that, in the case both of the host and of the chalice, the words of institution, in the fullest forms in which they are recorded by the New Testament writers, consist of three mutually explanatory parts. First, there is the primary proposition itself, "This is My body," or "This is My blood," as the case may be; and in the case of the chalice this primary proposition appears in St. Paul and St. Luke under the first sight odd form of "This is the new covenant." Second, with respect to both the host and the chalice, there is a declaration of aim, purpose, or intention, conveyed by the words "for you" or "for many." And third, there is some declaration of manner or way; such as given or poured out. Thus the entire proposition with which we have to deal in the case of the host is not, *e.g.*, "This is My body," but "This is My body which is . . . for you," and it has to be dealt with as parallel with the words of institution for the chalice, and not as a mere isolated statement. This may be set out as follows:

THE HOST:—(1) This is My body (2) for you (3) [existing, St. Paul].

THE CHALICE:—(1) This is (*a*) My blood of the covenant, (*b*) the new covenant in My blood, (2) for you, for many, (3) poured out.

In examining the *first* of these three heads, our modern ears are at once struck by the strangeness of the expressions "This is My blood of the covenant," and, "This is the new covenant in My blood." They are alien from modern phraseology; they belong to that region of ancient thought and feeling which was the object of our studies in a previous paper, and take us back to

times antecedent not only to the New Testament, but even to the Law of Moses itself.—To explain. The phraseology of a nation or family of mankind is, of course, the reflection of its history, surroundings, habits of life, and consequent associations. It is dependent on the points of view from which external objects and actions were habitually or predominantly regarded when the national language was assuming its fixed form. Now the ancestors of the Hebrews and the other Semitic races were nomads such as are the Bedaween of to-day, travelling in caravans from well to well and pasture ground to pasture ground, far from the populous river valleys and the settled habitations of men. In the wilderness, where all were wanderers and unknown, any stranger might belong to a hostile tribe and be an enemy; he might be sent as a spy; nowhere was there need to be so prudent in allowing him to enter the tent or even the encampment; nowhere was the offer to do so more thoroughly a token of confidence, and nowhere was its acceptance so stringently a pledge to fidelity. Greater intimacy than this was, of course, still more binding. To have been admitted, in spite of Oriental exclusiveness, to the intimacy of the common meal, to have become one flesh by sharing in the same food, was a blood brotherhood. When anyone took of a man's salt, he thereby became, at least for the time, the other's man; he ate and drank, together with the food, his dispositions and principles, his likes and dislikes, his feuds and his alliances. Such is the ultimate origin of the terminology in the Gospels. The offer and the acceptance of food, being, from the circumstances of the daily life of the ancestors of the Hebrews, a medium and a pledge of intimate communion and mental and moral association, inevitably came to be connected with the making and perpetuation of solemn and permanent contracts or covenants; and where in such contracts the Deity was invoked as a party, the food became a sacrifice. This gives reason for believing the primary form of sacrifice among the

Semitic tribes to have been that of the peace-offering, or Communion or Eucharistic sacrifice, at which all partook from the same table, and all bound themselves and each other to the terms of the covenant. We have here the explanation of the words "This is My blood, that of the covenant." The privileges and obligations of the Christian religion are again and again represented in the New Testament as those of a covenant, which is called the New Covenant, in contrast with the Old Covenant of which Moses was the mediator. The blood of the new covenant is the sacrificial blood by which the covenant is made and maintained; and a parallel expression might have been added with respect to the body, as to which, however, the words are given more briefly, the institution of the sacrificial chalice being dwelt on at greater length because of the greater sacredness and importance of the blood in the Hebrew ritual of sacrifice.\* We have in this also the explanation of the correlative phrase, "This is the new covenant in My blood"; for, it is of importance to observe, the covenant sacrifice was called the covenant itself. The word covenant or contract has two meanings. In its derivative sense, it signifies the object matter of the agreement—the things which the contracting parties reciprocally undertake to do or to refrain from. It is in this sense that we say, *e.g.*, that the contract between A and B is that A shall transfer to B a certain parcel of land on receipt of a specified sum from B within a given time, and that if B fails to make the payment he shall give A compensation for his abstaining from otherwise dealing with the land during the time agreed on. In its primary sense it means the contract itself, on which these obligations are founded. The contract itself requires, as everyone knows, in the first place an expressed will or intention on the part of the persons actively concerned. But, except in matters of minor importance, this is not sufficient to constitute a contract or covenant, which is completed only when the intention

\* Lev. xvii. 11; etc.

has been expressed in that form which law, or custom having the force of law, requires as the test that the contracting parties really bind themselves seriously and fully. What is now requisite in all important cases is the drawing up, signature, and delivery of a valid deed. This deed is not a mere reminder of the covenant. It is the actual covenant itself. Unless it had been completed the parties would only have intended to enter into a covenant, but, perhaps at the last moment, would have failed to carry out their intention. Once we have grasped the idea that covenants in matters of importance are not simple words, but substantial things of one kind or another, it is easy to see that among different nations and with the same nation at different periods of its history, different things might be used as covenants. In ancient times, naturally, they were not as a rule written documents. The covenant between Laban and Jacob was a cairn or heap of stones with a pillar or menhir;\* and the menhir and the cairn were the *Covenant*, in precisely the same sense as that in which a document signed in the presence of and together with two witnesses, and containing the directions of the testator as to the disposal of his property after his death, is his *Testament* or *Will*. But the most impressive form of covenant was that of sacrifice.† The covenant was then imbued with a religious sanctity; the Divine object of worship had been made a party to it, and had been invoked by the other contracting parties, conjointly and at the moment of its com-

\* Genesis xxxi. 43-54. Confer Exodus xxxi. 16; Numbers xxv. 13; Nehemiah xiii. 29; Josue xxiv. 26, 27. In Genesis xvii. 11, circumcision is said to be both the sign of the Abrahamic covenant and the covenant itself; and we now perceive how this was so. The covenant was its own sign or manifestation; and the word *'ôth*, which is that translated "sign" or "token" in this passage, primarily means a fixed, set, established thing, conformably with its derivation from *'avah*, to appoint (Gesenius, "Heb. und Ar. Handwörterbuch," Mühlau and Volck's edition, Vogel, Leipzig, 1890).

† E.g., "Call together My holy ones, who have made covenants with Me by sacrifice" (Ps. xlix. [l.] 5). The three great covenants—with Noe (Genesis viii. 20), with Abraham (xv.), and with Moses (Exodus xxiv.)—were all so made.



pletion, to punish whichever of them should be unfaithful to his part of the agreement. So intimately were covenants and sacrifices consequently connected together by whole nations and families of mankind, that expressions in themselves applicable only to sacrifices are constantly to be found used of covenants. To those who spoke Latin, *fœdus ferire*, was quite a common expression for entering into a treaty. *Fœdus* means a league or compact. But *ferire* means to give a blow to, and, in particular, to kill by striking. This common Latin phrase therefore literally means to kill the covenant, so that by covenant we must understand the sacrifice by which the treaty was ratified. Still more striking is the use of the Greek *spondai*, a usual Greek equivalent for a treaty. It means the libations poured out at a sacrifice. Another Greek expression for striking a treaty is *horkia temnein*, where *horkia* means a treaty, and *temnein* means to cut, the allusion being to the separation and laying out of the pieces of the sacrifice on the altar; so that by *horkia* the treaty sacrifice was really understood. Similar is the Hebrew expression, *carath berîth*, to cut a covenant, which is used again and again in the Old Testament.\* In all these cases, the word for covenant, like the English words will, testament, lease, contract, etc., denotes the instrument of the covenant. As the ancient legal instrument of a covenant was a sacrifice, "covenant" denoted the covenant sacrifice, the sacrifice by the oblation of which the covenant was effected. "This is the new covenant in My blood," is only another and a more emphatic way of saying "This is My blood of the new covenant." The meaning is, in both cases, "This is My blood, not *quovis aspectu*, but in so far forth as it is directed to the specific purpose of effecting the covenant in your regard."†

\* Genesis xv. 18; Exodus xxiv. 8; Deut. iv. 23; v. 2, 3; ix. 9; xxix. 1 [Hebrew, xxviii. 69], 9, 25; etc.

† The genitive, "blood of the covenant," is, in other words, a genitive of determination. In the expression "covenant in My blood," the *in* is the Hebrew idiom called *Beth essentialis*, in which *in* is used to indicate identity,

The sacred writers build so much one on another, that it is of importance to ascertain the *source* of the words of the institution of the chalice; and we find it, significantly enough, in the consecration of the typical Israel by the initial covenant sacrifice of the Mosaic Law, which is thus described in the Second Book of the Pentateuch:

Moses wrote all the words of the Lord, and rose up early in the morning and built an altar at the foot of the mount, and twelve upraised stones,\* answering to the twelve tribes of Israel. And he sent young men† of the children of Israel, and they offered‡ whole burnt-offerings and peace-offerings of young oxen the meaning being "This is the new covenant, that is to say, My blood." It might equally have been said "This is My body, not as you have hitherto known it, as the means of communication by sight and speech between one spiritual intelligence and another; but as the covenant, or covenant sacrifice, in its relation to you." For a reason which has already been given, the institution of the host is more briefly summarised than that of the chalice; but from the nature of the case the two are parallel to each other.

\* Hebrew: *matstsebhah*; generically, a thing raised up, and therefore applicable to a memorial stone, to a pillar (whether without or with an inscription), or to an image. The word is that used in Genesis xxviii. 18, xxxi. 45, xxxv. 14; Exodus xxiii. 24; Is. xix. 19; etc. Septuagint, stones; Douai, titles; A. and R. V., pillars. The mention of these high stones or menhirs is a sign of antiquity in the passages of the Pentateuch where it occurs. They are also spoken of as covered with plaster, on which inscriptions were written, after the Egyptian fashion. In later times, as we know from the results of the explorations conducted under the auspices of the Palestine Exploration Fund, menhirs were destroyed on account of idolatrous associations which had become connected with them; and inscriptions were usually made on wood or metal, which is the reason why so few Syrian inscriptions have survived time and theft.

† Hebrew: *na'arim*, "lads" or "boys"; like the French *garçons*, or the German *Knaben*, subordinates, and not merely of youthful age (Genesis xiv. 24; 2 Kings [Samuel] xxi. 4; etc.). The "elders," in like manner, were, as we see by the context lower down, identical with the nobles. The case is similar in the New Testament, where by *presbuteroi*, presbyters, or "elders," the rulers of the Christian Churches, or in speaking of the Jews, the rulers of the Jewish synagogues, are meant.

‡ Literally, lifted up. They "offered" the sacrifices only in the sense of immolating them and laying out the pieces on the altar, but did not proceed to the more sacred part of the liturgy, which we are presently told was reserved for Moses himself. The Law only in certain cases (Exodus xxix. 38-44; Lev. xvi.; xiv. 12) required that the priests themselves should immolate the sacrifices, though even where this was not expressly enacted, they would often do so, not only as being the appointed ministers of the tabernacle and the Temple, but also because they were familiar with the prescriptions

to the Lord. And Moses took half of the blood and put it in bowls ; and half of the blood he sprinkled on the altar. And he took the book of the covenant, and read it in the hearing of the people, and they said : " All that the Lord hath spoken we will do ; and we will be obedient." And Moses took the blood and sprinkled it upon the people, and said : " Behold the blood of the covenant, which the Lord hath cut with you concerning all these things." Then Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seventy of the elders of Israel went up ; and they saw the God of Israel. And there was under His feet a paved work of sapphire stone, like Heaven for brightness. And upon the nobles of the children of Israel He laid not His hand ; and they saw God, and did eat and drink. And the Lord said to Moses : " Come up to Me into the mount, and be there ; and I will give thee the tables of stone, and the Law and the Commandments which I have written, that thou mayest teach them " (Exodus xxiv. 4-12).

of the ritual.—The words for priest, consequently, have no direct connexion with the act of sacrificial immolation. Thus the Greek for to sacrifice is *thuo* ; the word for priest, *hierous*, derived from *hieros*, holy—is entirely different. So, again, the Hebrew for to immolate a sacrifice is *sabhakh* ; but for a priest it is *cohen*, one who stands to minister, from *cûn*, to stand erect, to be stably appointed. Whoever had the right to use an altar, performed all the functions of sacrifice in connexion with that altar, whether he was a priest or not (Judges vi. 26, xiii. 16 ; 1 Kings [Samuel] vi. 14 ; 3 [1] Kings xviii. 32, 33 ; etc.). The idea of priest is connected not *per se* with the rite, but with the sanctuary. Different sanctuaries had their appointed ministers, and these were their priests (or, as it might be, their inferior ministers, levites, or deacons), who alone had a right to enter the Holy Places or to use the holy things, and who alone, consequently, might perform liturgical actions involving such use or entrance. In the tabernacle sacrificial worship, the immolation of the sacrifice is repeatedly spoken of as the act of the person who presents it (Lev. i. 5 ; etc.). As the custodians of the altar, the priests would, however, under ordinary circumstances at least (1 Chron. xxix. 34, xxxv. 14), perform that part of the sacrificial ministry more immediately (Lev. iii. 5, etc.) connected with it. The sprinkling or pouring out of the blood at the altar, or before or in the Holy or the Most Holy Place, is (like all other acts of ministry in the Holy or the Most Holy Place), especially reserved to them (Lev. i. 5, iii. 2 ; etc.). The offering of sacrifice, like blessing the people at the solemn feasts, burning incense (2 Chron. xxvi. 19), etc., was connected with the *priesthood* because it could in a normal condition of things take place only at the *Sanctuary* ; and because it was the central act of external worship there.

X. Y. Z.

(To be continued.)

*The Unique.*

**W**E have one birth, we have one death,  
 One Lord, one Father, and one faith.  
 And when the Sole Begotten came,  
 Unique in glory and in shame,  
 Of one true fold, one pearl of price  
 He made His parable's device ;  
 For one Apostle's fervour prayed ;  
 Left ninety sheep for one that strayed.

The beauty of the unit ran  
 From Heaven to earth ; till, in Japan,  
 The decorator sets one bloom,  
 No tangled bunch, to deck his room.  
 O sweet my wife, in my deep heart,  
 As pearl or flower, you're set apart.  
 In women, lovers find who seek  
 The type and yet the true unique.

JOHN OLDCASTLE.



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